

Ireland Shakspeare
Fabrications.

G. Hilder Libbis.

*Passages Selected by Distinguished
Personages on the Great Literary Trial
of Vortigern & Rowena 1795 etc.
(by Sir Bate Dudley & his Lady)*

Vols 1 & 2











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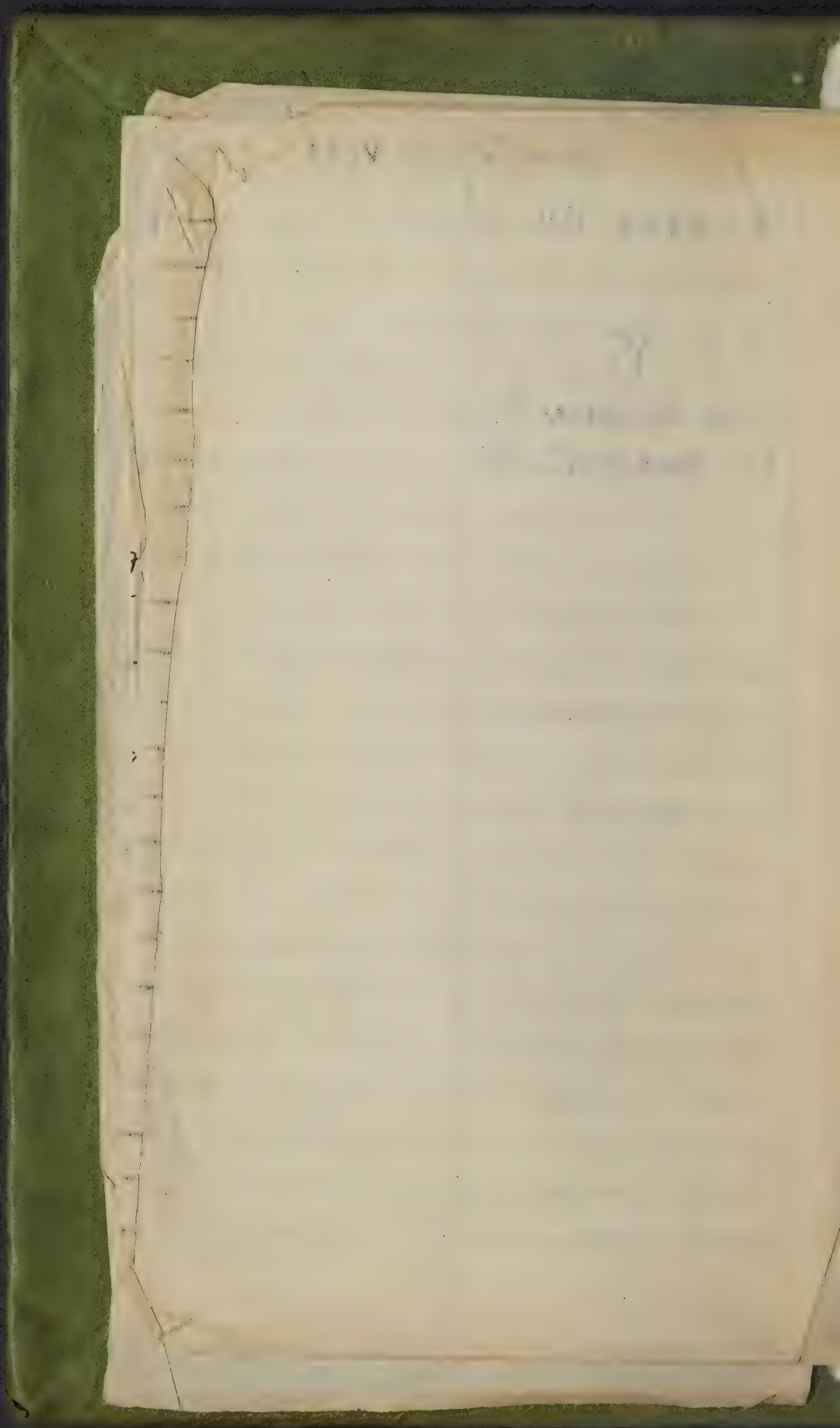
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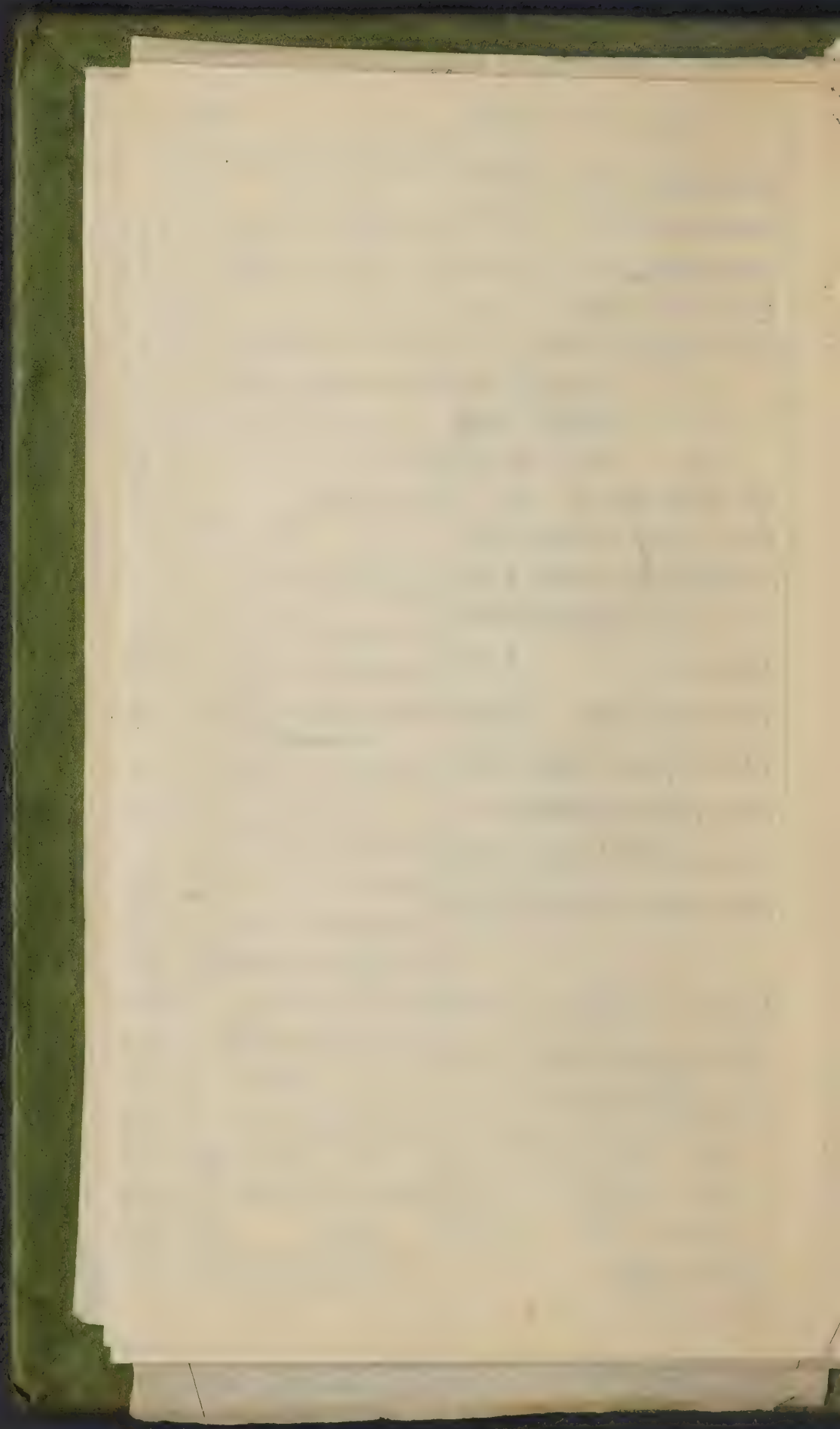
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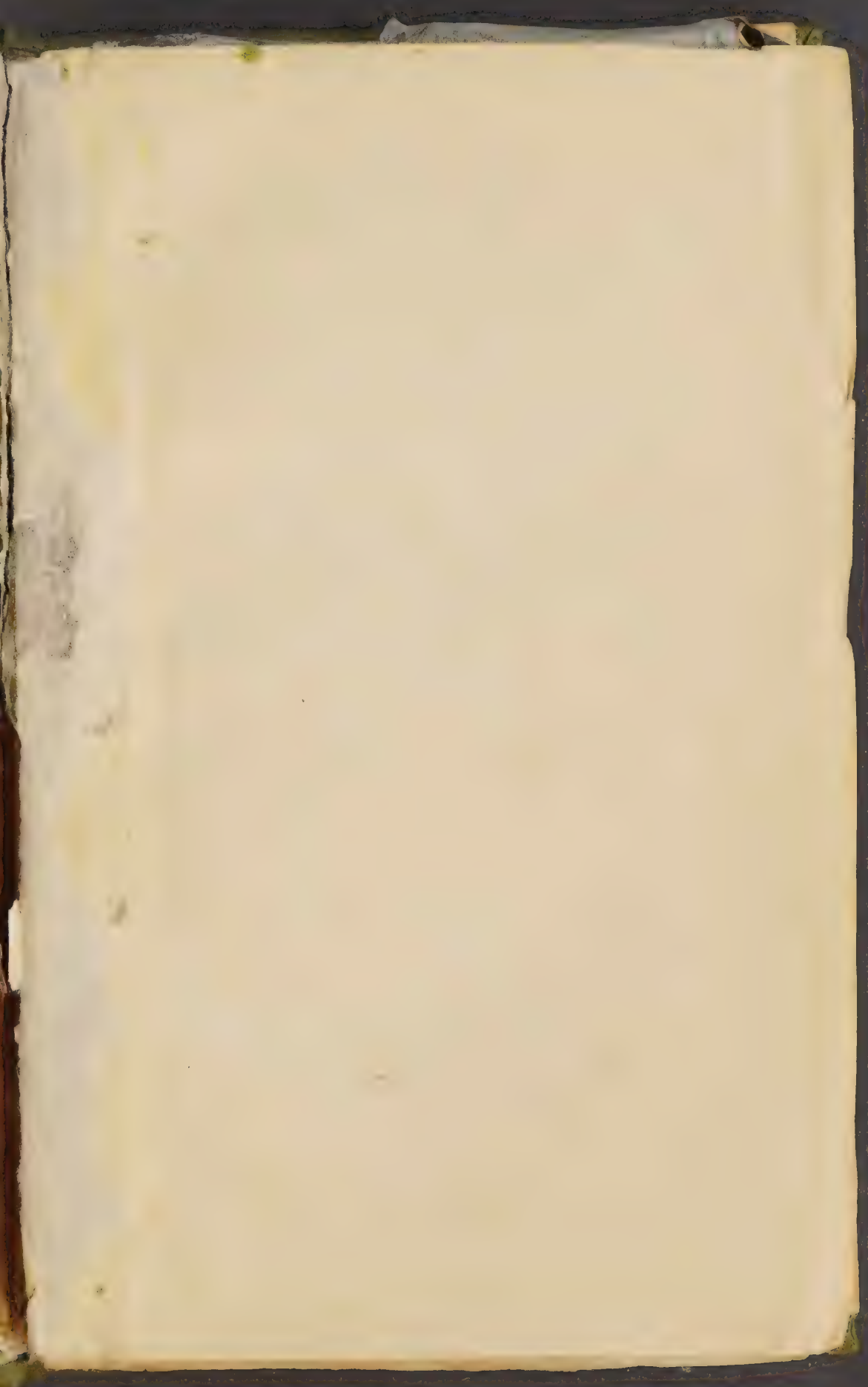


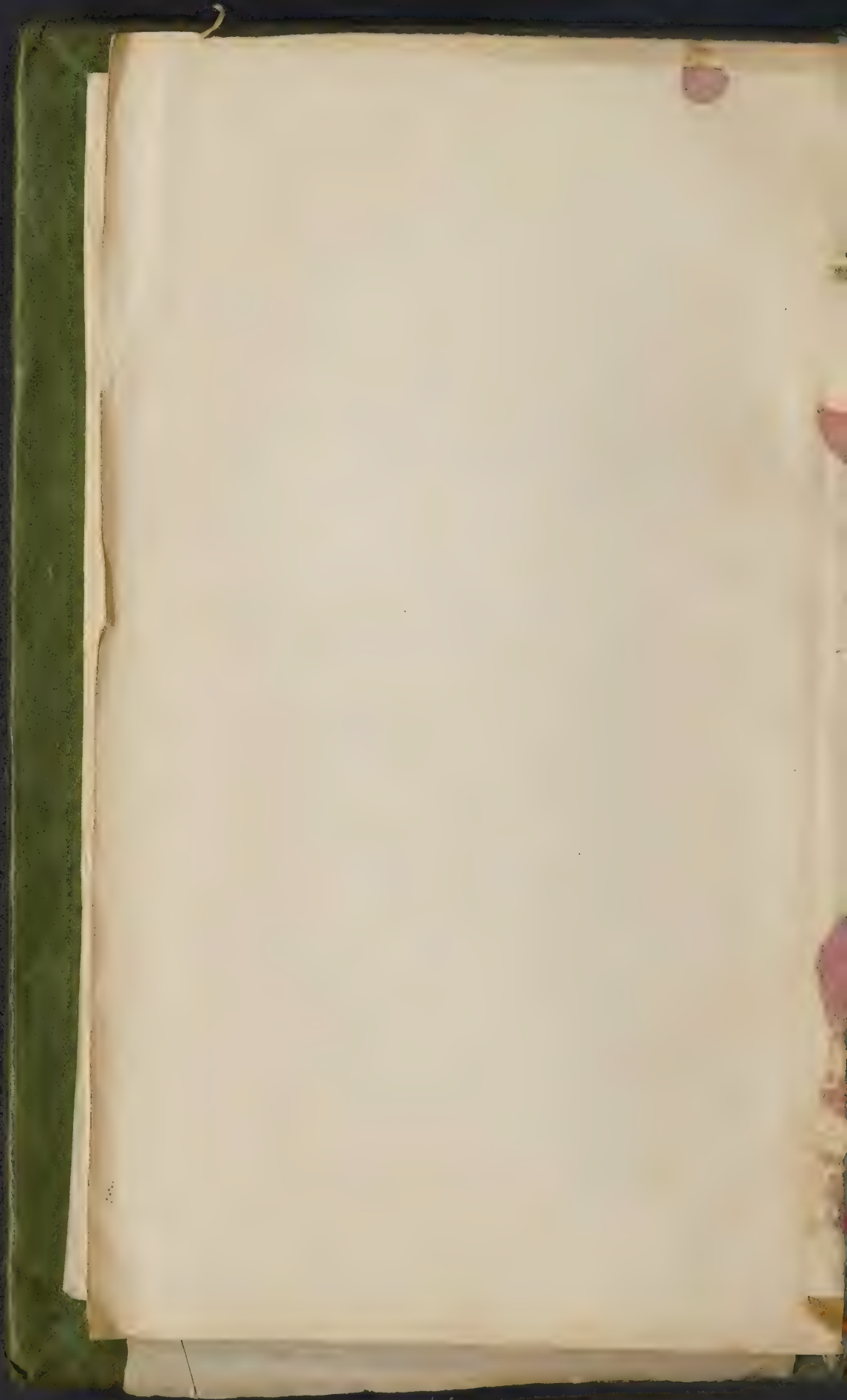
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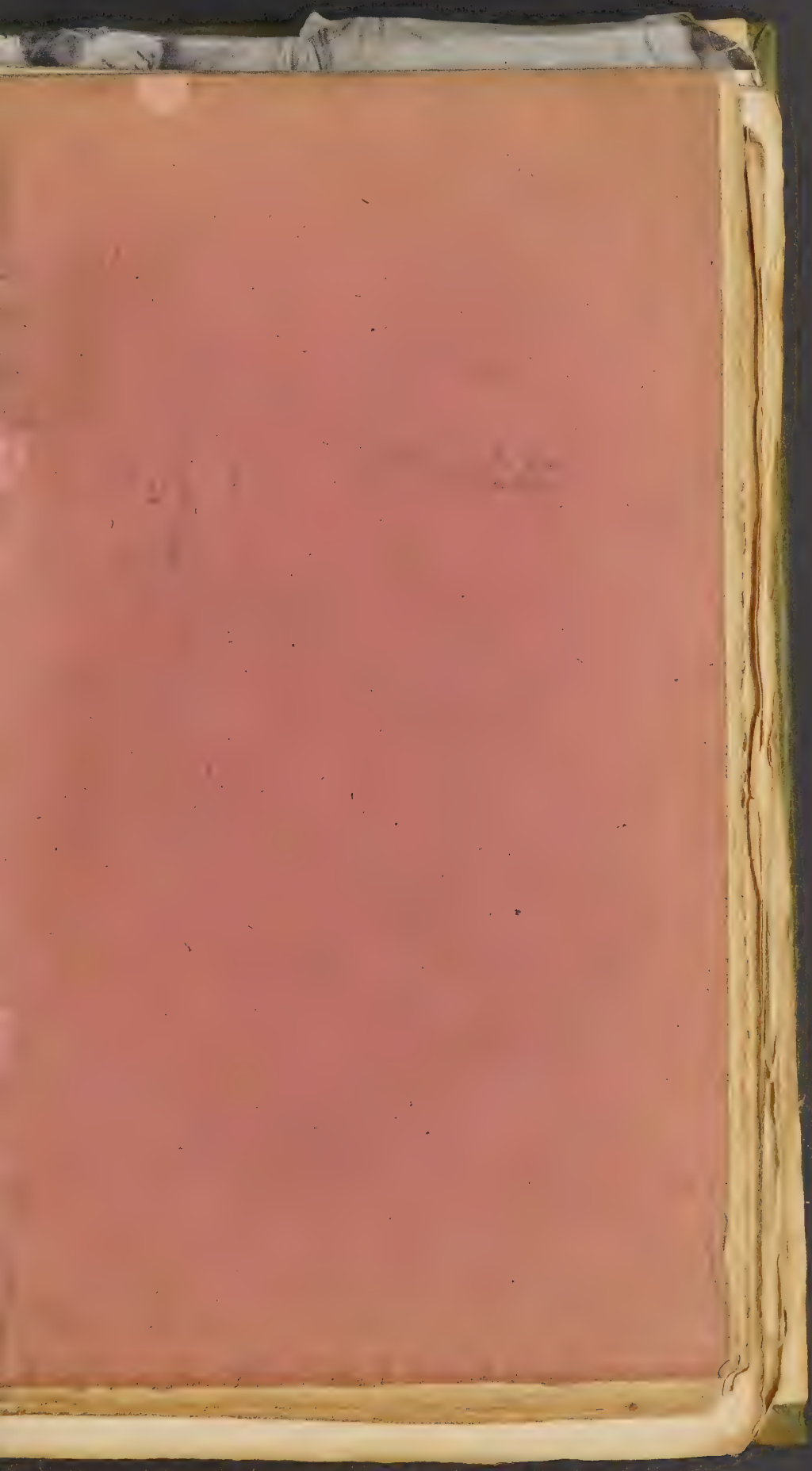


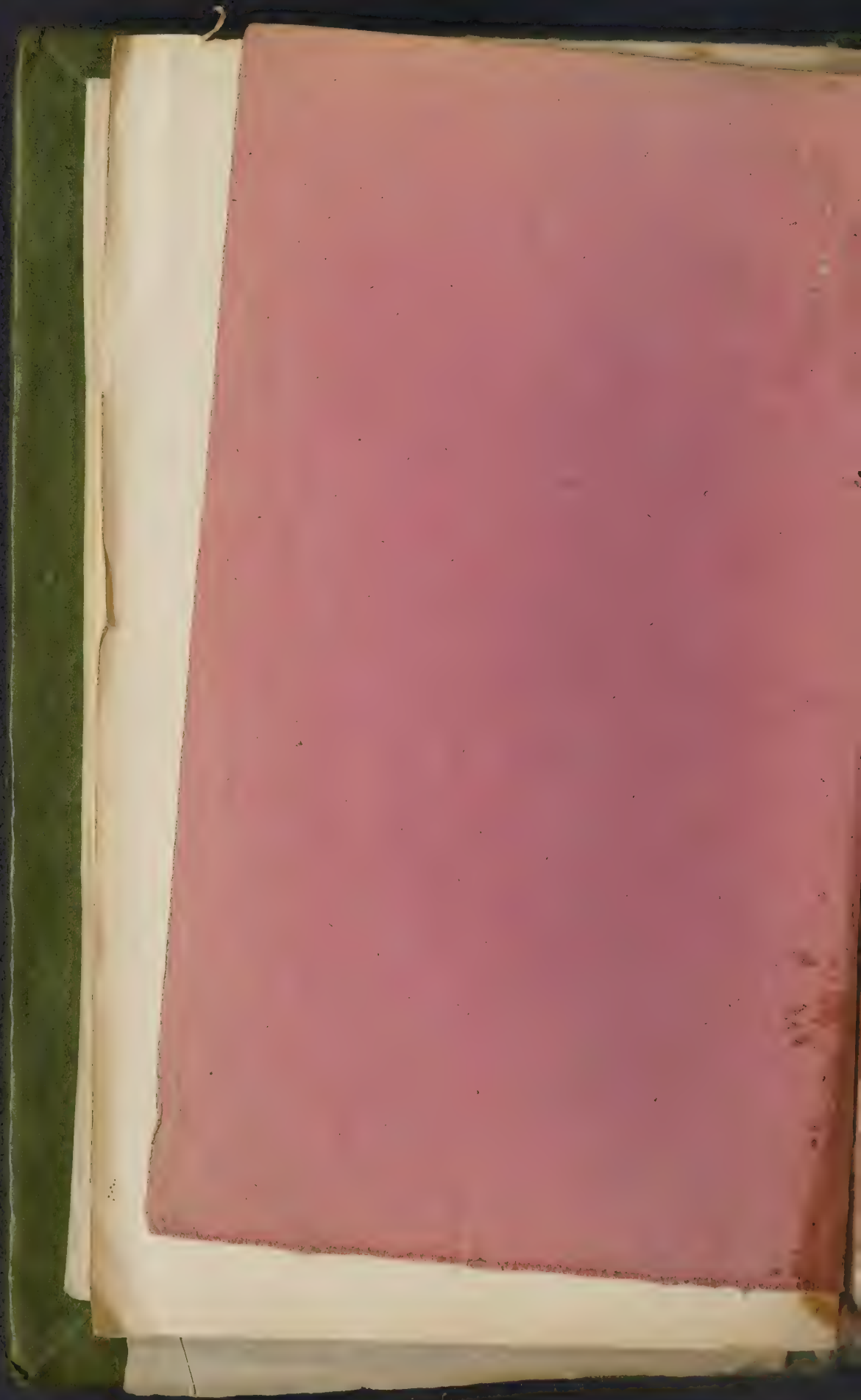
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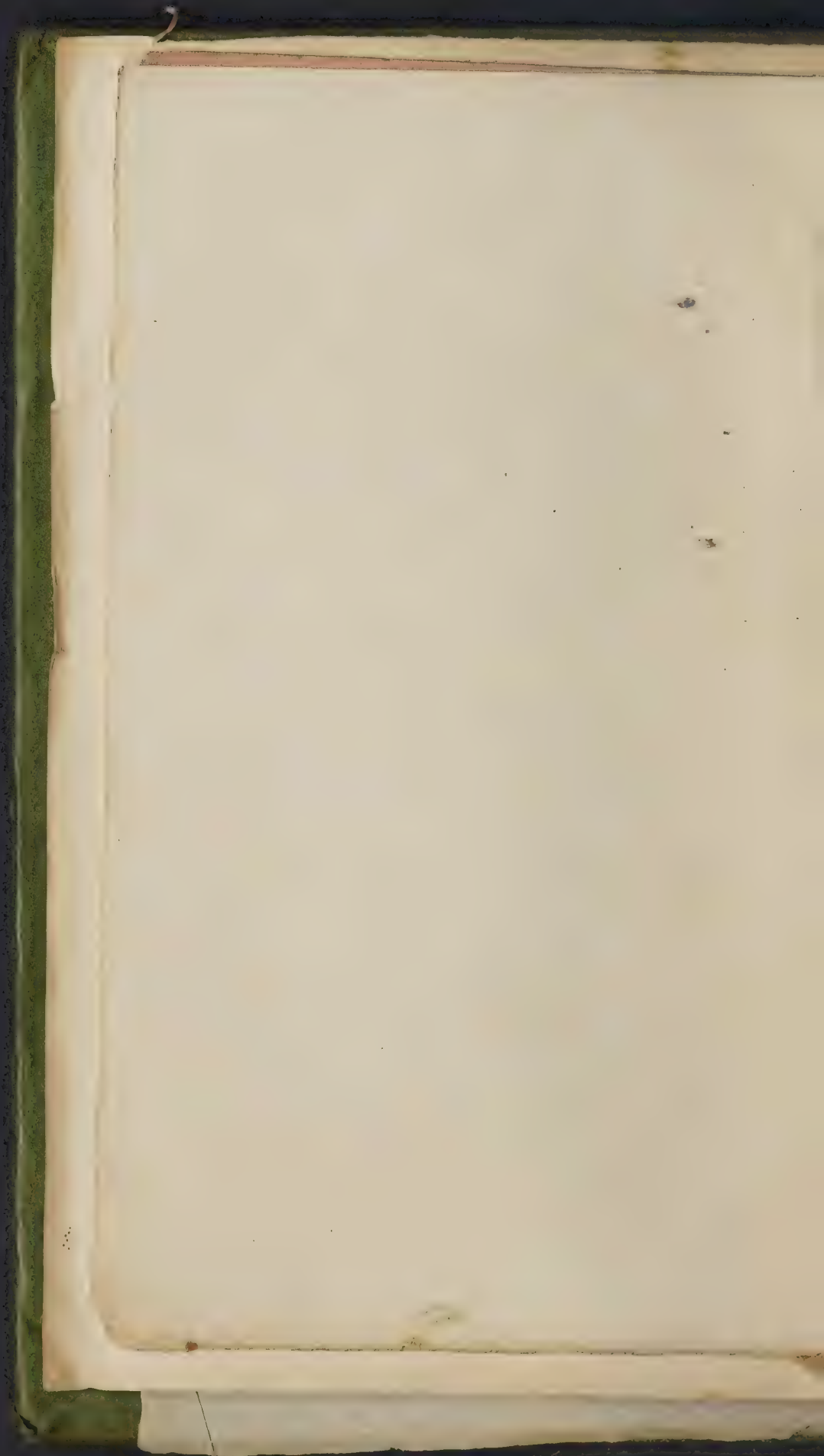




VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.



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O N T H E
G R E A T L I T E R A R Y T R I A L
O F
V O R T I G E R N A N D R O W E N A ;
A C o m i - T r a g e d y .

“ W H E T H E R I T B E — O R B E N O T F R O M T H E
I M M O R T A L P E N O F S H A K S P E A R E ? ”

V O L U M E I .

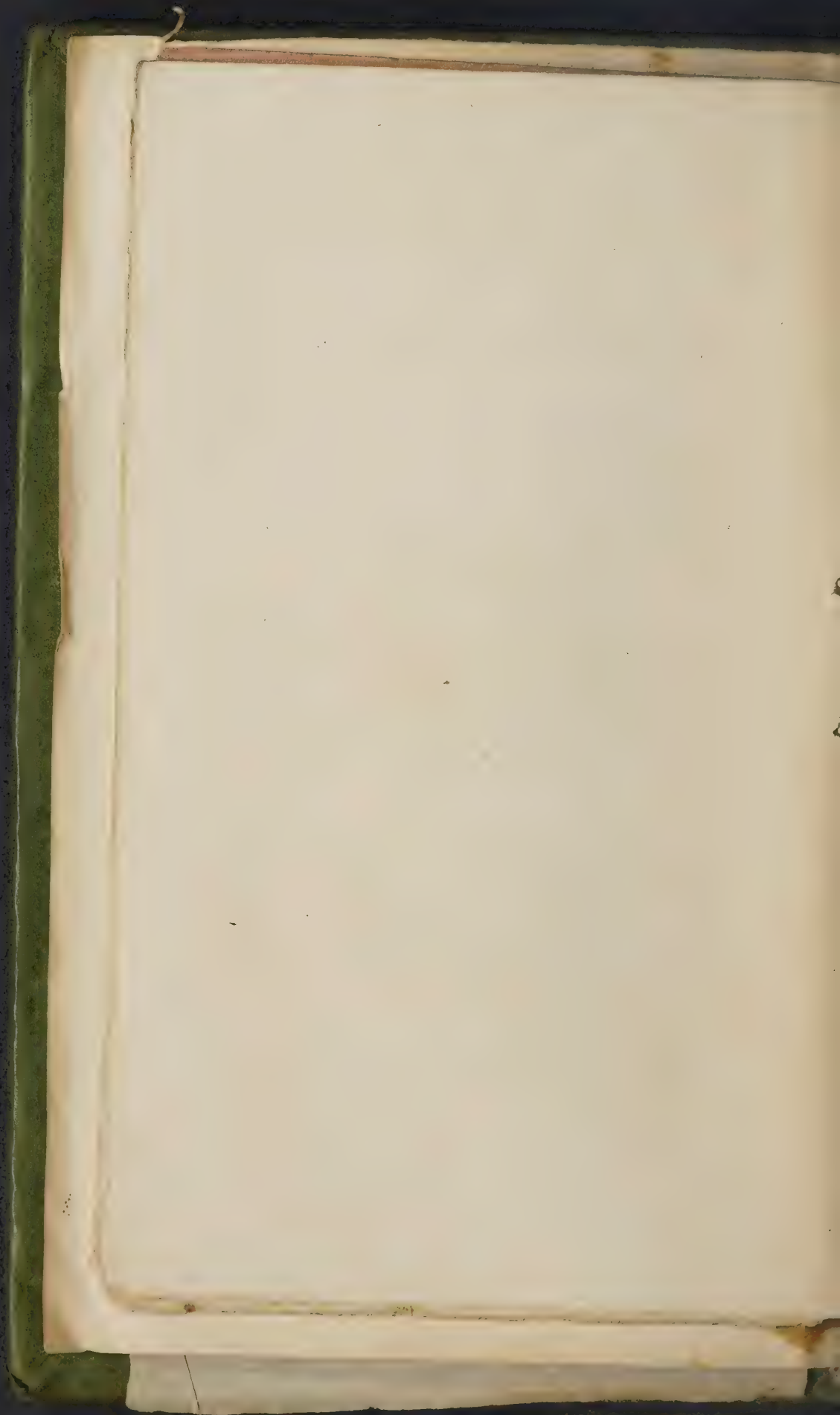
E I G H T H E D I T I O N .

—“ O p e n m e a h u g e W a r d r o b e a b o u n d i n g e i n m o t l i e h a b i t t e s , a n d m a r k e
“ h o w e f a n t a s t i c a l l i e p o o r e m o r t a l s w i l l a r r a i e t h e m s e l v e s ! ”

V O R T . a n d R O W .

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y H . B R O W N ,
F O R J . R I D G W A Y , Y O R K - S T R E E T , S T . J A M E S ' S - S Q U A R E .



DEDICATION.

TO THE

Most NOBLE!—Most ILLUSTRIOUS!

Most PUISSANT!—Most MAGNIFICENT!

Most IRRADIATING  *IN THE BRIGHT*

GALAXY OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE,
JAMES MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K. G.

Ec! Ec! Ec! Ec! Ec! Ec!

“ *Most curious* LORD,

“ THE disputed RECORDS of AN-
“ TIENT POESY here inclosed, would be de-
“ based by a deposit in any other hands, than
“ that *cleanly* pair, which so peculiarly appertain
“ to your Lordship, as CUSTOS ROTULORUM
“ of the MUSES! I discharge but my official

“ duty then, in placing them under your stupendous protection!—But as MAGICO-MANAGER of the WHITE-WAND, and GRAND MASTER of REFINED ARTS, you must allow me to look up to your HIGH MIGHTINESS with the rest of mankind,—an *astonished* Gazer!

“ I am,

“ Most Noble, most *Ec. Ec.*

“ Your lowest FOOT-STOOL.

“ RALPH REGISTER,

“ Clerk of ASSIZE,

“ Oyer and Terminer,

“ In the COURTS LITERARY, *Ec. Ec.*

FETTER-LANE,

Oct. 5, 1795.

PREFACE.

AS far as this interesting TRIAL has gone, it has been conducted with that rigid impartiality which so particularly distinguishes the various Courts of BRITISH JURISPRUDENCE!—How it may terminate can be known only to the ruler of these great events: indeed, from the contrariety of weighty evidence already advanced, and the cloud of testimonies yet to be adduced, it would be highly indecorous, to indulge even a conjecture upon the probability of its decision!!

The COURT have wisely resolved to sit without further adjournment, in order now to receive at their Bar, the evidence of the first POLITICAL, and LITERARY Characters, against whom, exceptions were so ingeniously taken by Council, but which however have all been most constitutionally over-ruled. These

being gone through, the sage and learned POLONIUS in person, will sum up the whole evidence, and after delivering a solemn and eloquent charge from the Bench, receive from the GRAND INQUEST, that VERDICT, which no doubt, will soon tend to the complete administration of LITERARY JUSTICE, by setting this GREAT QUESTION at rest for ever !!!

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

PENDING the distinguished inquest under which the fact is now trying, whether the newly discovered DRAMA, is, or is not from the pen of SHAKESPEARE, it would be highly indecorous to hazard a single conjecture upon it.—The EDITOR, therefore, will content himself with merely giving a faithful transcript of all that has been successively recorded on this important subject in that fashionable Intelligencer the MORNING HERALD; only remarking, that whatever may be the final issue of the TRIAL, the passages selected from the Piece itself by the se-

A

veral VOTERS, *pro* and *con*. must remain indelible proofs of the discriminative taste of those, who have here so characteristically enrolled themselves in defence of our BELLES LETTRES.

The following is the paragraphical CHAIN by which this great Literary Concern has been brought into such general notice; viz.

appeared in The Morning Herald Feb 17th 1775

PARAGRAPH.

The SHAKSPEARE *discoveries*, said to be made by the son of Mr. IRELAND, of Norfolk-street, are the Tragedy of LEAR, and another entitled VORTIGERN and ROWENA, now first brought to light, and both in the Bard's own hand-writing:—in the same chest are said to have been also found an antique MELANGE of love letters!—*professions of faith!*—*billet doux!*—*locks of hair!*—and family receipts!—The only danger, respecting *faith in the discovery*, seems to be from the indiscretion of *finding too much!*

If poor CHATTERTON had contented himself, with drawing literary treasure in *moderation* from the monkish chest of ROWLEY, his own *inventive genius* had probably remained unknown!

ANOTHER.

Mr. IRELAND's Tragedy of VORTIGERN, whether sterling, or fictitious, is to go to *Drury-lane*. Mr. SHERIDAN, says, "it is the finest play that SHAKSPEARE ever wrote!—not that he has had leisure yet to read it—but he had it from an authority as classical, and unquestionably as his own judgment; viz. the solemn assurance of the great Lord SALISBURY himself, a *Critic*, only six removes, by lineal descent, from Mr. SHERIDAN's own immortal BURLEIGH!

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

appeared in the Morning Herald Feb 19 1793

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR SHAKSPEARE correspondents know but little of what is going forward in the *mine of discovery*! Lord, Sir, if they wish to get at the *whole truth*, they must dip *deep* into the *old chest*, as the ancients did into the *Piorean well*!—indeed they are not correct even in what they have stated. For instance,—the *precious LOCK OF HAIR*! how comes it, they were so ignorant, as not to know, that Mr. *Justice COLLUCK*, the first *Hair Merchant* in the universe, has critically inspected it, and, regardless of the *sacred head of fiction* from whence it was shorn, he, as a *man of business*, could only be brought to say, that if the whole *string* were as good as the *sample*, it was worth no more in the *trade*, than 3s. 9d. an ounce?—The pointed distich on the envelope, however, as his Grace of LEEDS declares, is worth a million!—Here it is:

“ Ere Age with twinge your nerves doth shooke,

“ Catch Love, like Time, by the forelocke!”

By which our annotators will no doubt tell us, that the *Warwickshire WAG* quaintly inculcates the youthful libertinism of—*catch, as catch can!*—Among the more recent treasures, are a moth-eaten *under PETTICOAT*, an undoubted *original!* Mr. MALONE, who, with all his ability, knows but little about *petticoats*, says, this could be no part of the paraphernalia of the immortal Bard;—but Mrs. PIOZZI, and the whole *Blue Stocking Club*, are decidedly of a contrary opinion, and that for the best of all feminine reasons; viz. because Miss HATHAWAY, when she became Mrs. SHAKSPEARE, never failed to wear the BREECHES!—we have also Mr. Boswell's authority for this, amongst other *domestica facta* of the Poet. The next curiosity for the amateurs, is, a love VALENTINE, surrounded, according to antient usage, with *hearts! cupids! doves!* and *darts!* and in the centre, a *typifying* figure of a cock without a *combe*, (according to antique spelling) with this inexplicable *anagram*:

“ If to my armes you'll fondlye roame,

“ Despighte of *Dadde*, I'll cut your *Gombe!*”

W. S.

From this, some of the inspecting *Literati* are cruel enough to infer, that SHAKSPEARE must have had an *intrigue* with the daughter of his ancient enemy *John a COOMBE*,—the undoubted ancestor of the present *Opposition ALDERMAN*, who has the honour of bearing that distinguished name!

The last MORCEAU I shall treat you with at this time, is selected from the RECEIPTS, viz.

“A RECIPÉE *howe to make a GOODLIE
PLUMBE PUDINGE.*”

Even Mr. STEEVENS admits the unquestionable authenticity of this valuable addendum to the *culinary art*, by declaring, that Shakspeare could not endure the *stones* of plumbs, which, from setting his *teeth on edge*, were called *jar raisins*; and literally gives an appropriate citation of the following passage, from the Poet's *own words*, which will certainly be received as the best *glossary* to his *own plumb pudding*:

“SYLVAN.—Put *stones* enough into the bag: but, dearest
“chuck, I pray thee make me *gallings* of the PLUMBES!”

You shall have further documents, equally important and authentic, in a few days, from, Mr. Editor,

Your's,

A Modern ANTIQUARIAN.

PARAGRAPH.

We have it from high authority, that the merits of the great question, respecting the originality of the *newly* discovered PLAY, are put into a train of investigation, before a LITERARY COURT of ENQUIRY, which cannot fail of the most candid, and judicious decision:—It will be managed under the auspices of an illustrious personage, who fortunately unites in his *singular* character, all the critical and judicial talents, requisite for so solemn a disquisition!

March 20.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The PROCESSION, *on opening the LITERARY COURT to try the important QUESTION, whether VORTIGERN and ROWENA, is, or is not from the PEN of SHAKSPEARE?* is intended for to-morrow's HERALD.

PARAGRAPH.

March 23.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA!!!

appeared in the Mercantile Herald March 23 1846

It is with much concern we announce, that the PROCESSION, preparatory to opening the Literary Court of Inquest, to try whether this DRAMA is, or is not written by SHAKSPEARE, was obliged to be suspended till Wednesday by an unpleasant accident. Signor DELPINI, that man of *mighty mouth*, who was to have walked as *Champion* to a PRODIGIOUS COURTIER, unfortunately dislocated his *jaw bone* in practising an *Aristocratic Grin*, in compliment to his illustrious Patron!—However, the *Sieur FOLLET*, almost equally great in the happy distortions of the human countenance, has kindly undertaken this interesting part, and to be ready in it, that day at noon, when this introductory spectacle will certainly take place, and our readers be no longer kept in a state of anxious expectancy!

signed "Delpini"

March 26.

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA!

A COMI-TRAGEDY!

Yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, the several Officers, and other great Personages, assembled at the HUM MUMS, in Covent Garden, and from thence marched to the LITERARY COURT, in Norfolk-street, in the following STATE PROCESSION, viz.

Four MUTES,

With their fore fingers placed on their lips.

A *Bronze* of Signor DELPINI,

In his happiest stile of face!

THE LOCK OF HAIR

Of Miss HATHAWAY, afterwards the happy

Mrs. SHAKSPEARE,

Borne by Mr. Justice COLLICK, *Hair Merchant*,

His train supported by an *Unlicensed HAIR-DRESSER*,
dishevelled, and without powder! preceded by a Banner, dedicated

To WIGGISM!

The Chief Cook of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, with
cheeks *a la blaze*! carrying—on a *trencher*—

The Book of FAMILY RECEIPTS!

Six TRUNK MAKERS, two and two.

The Antique TRUNK.

Covered with ASS-SKIN still perfect, but furcharged with
moth, black beetles, and cob-webs!—the flappets of the
covering supported by the fix Senior ANNOTATORS
on the Immortal BARD, and their train upheld by an
equal number of FARCE Writers.—A Banner follow-
ing, inscribed

Sacred to FICTION!

The PROMPTER of DRURY-LANE, *gagged*!

The Dramatic FAITH of Mr. SHERIDAN,

Delicately concealed in a *Snow-drop*,

And borne by Mr. KEMBLE, riding on an ELEPHANT,

Over whom waved a Streamer displaying the word
MANAGEMENT!

A Groupe of SPIRITS—*blue! red! black!* and *grey*

A Waxen Semblance of

The Mighty BURLEIGH!

His Banner advanced before, displaying

Three DRIED NEATS TONGUES,

The Family Arms, with their Motto,

“ELOQUENCE!”

The DANISH CHAMBERLAIN POLONIUS,
With his *White Wand* of Office, and his Train supported by
Three OPERA EUNUCHS!

The *Sieur* FOLLET,
In the Armour of HAMLET's GHOST, bearing the
Club of HERCULES, as his CHAMPION.

An *Embezzled* MONEY-BAG,
With "LICENCES at any PRICE!"
Inscribed in Golden Characters.

Six FIDDLERS, with broken bows!
Six FEMALE SINGERS, weeping!
BANNER—"Sacred to HARMONY!"

Sir FRETFUL,
Carried in torture on his own WHEEL!

The BLUE-Stocking CLUB
Slip-shod, and garter'd below knee!

VORTIGERN,
Represented by Mr. *Kiddy* DAVIS, as the only Gentleman
of either Theatre, skilled in the Etiquette of *Saxon* Dig-
nities, supported by the Under HARLEQUIN of
Drury—Mr. DAVIS making it a special request, that
his Train-bearer might be one who well understood
trap!

DRAMATIC PERFORMERS,

Walking in pairs, after the antique fashion of
entering NOAH's ARK.

SCENE-SHIFTERS, &c. &c. &c.

The august procession entered the COURT about
one, when the Commission was opened in due form :
the interesting particulars of which, we hope to re-
cord on Friday next.

FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

AS soon as the Court was opened with all due formalities, the DANISH CHAMBERLAIN, Lord POLONIUS, arose, and gracefully made an obeisance to *himself* in a spacious Mirror, which was instantly returned by a figure of similar dignity, from this STATE REFLECTOR, dexterously placed in the front of the CHAIR, that his Lordship might have the judicial advantage of seeing what he *himself* was about, which no other person in the Court could ever know, or possibly divine!—The *Sieur FOLLET*, as Chamberlain's *Grand*

CHAMPION, then gigantically advanced, and after throwing down his gauge, and thrice brandishing his *Herculean Club*, affixed a written PROCLAMATION to its butt, when placing the smaller end on the bridge of his nose, the following preliminary CHALLENGE became visible to all around; viz.

"If any one present dare gainsay, that the Lord POLO-
NIUS is the most *witty*! most *wise*! most *valorous*!
"most *eloquent*! most *disinterested*! most *beloved*! most
"pulsant! most *chaste*! let him come forth, and I, the
"unworthy *Champion* of that mighty Lord, will tell him,
"that he lyes in his teeth; and, from my furious wrath
"the Lord deliver his miserable carcase!!?"

[Here an enraged *Musician* indignantly advanced, with an intent, as was supposed, to take up the glove; but was prevented, in being humanely knocked down by one of the *Beef-eaters*.]—A nod mandatory was now given from the Chair as a cue to the principal *Harlequin*, who, waving his dagger of lath over a richly inlaid tablet, a pair of folding doors of ophir flew open, and discovered an irradiating glory of æthereal blue and gold, darting its

transcendent beams on the *Title Page* of an antique volume in quarto, curiously filligreed, and fretted with *moths* and *earwigs*, and entitled

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA ;

On Harlequin waving his lath a second time, a light coloured cloud gently descended to a soft strain of Æolian measure, which opening, displayed a scrowl with this Inscription—

Ye, of the School of *Nature*, as of *Art*, draw near,
 “ And faithful verdict give
 “ Between the sacred memory
 “ Of your Immortal BARD
“ And his Accusers, by whom he now stands Charged
 “ As the Villifier of his own fair fame,
“ In penning the COMI-TRAGEDY now before you !
 “ Peruse, therefore, this *Dramatic RECORD*,
“ And your several judgments pronounced thereon,
 “ By selecting severally a Passage from the same,
 “ Which shall be enregistered,
 “ In affirmation, or negation of that
“ LITERARY FACT, which the majority
 “ Of your suffrages must finally decide.
 “ APPROACH !”

The instantaneous pressing forward of the *Literati! Cognoscenti! Diletanti! &c. &c.* of both sexes, to inspect the Record, was so great and violent, that it reached even the Chair of State like an electric shock! when *Polonius*, rising up, in dignified dismay, signified to his officers, by the pale vibration of his nostrils, that it was his mighty pleasure the Court should be adjourned! This was effected by the talismatic sword of Harlequin as soon as possible, but not till a few *pushing* characters of the *Literary Jurors* had fixed on the following passages, and enregistered their votes thereon; viz.

P A S S A G E S

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE

FIRST DAY'S TRIAL; viz.

I.—Lady CH. C—E—LL.

———“ LOOKE what a shape!

“ Limbes fondlie fashioned in the wanton moulde
 “ Of Nature!—Warm in Love's flie wytcheries,
 “ And scorninge all the draperie of Arte,
 “ A spider's loome nowe weaves her thinne attire,
 “ Through which the roguish tell-tale windes
 “ Do frolicke as they liste!”

B

PAGE 17.—Guilty.

 II.—Mr. B—F—Y.

“ I do remember him a *quaker boy* to a Lisbon Vintner,
 “ who at morne washed his facre face in the *Tagus* to ad-
 “ mire it in its glaasse!—Next a grande compounder of
 “ fours and sweetes— himselfe the quintessence of bothe !
 “ Then was he a medlar in debate, until his eloquence
 “ leaked to the lees : now makes he oceans of plura wine,
 “ and, by contacte betweene water and browne fugar, will
 “ he muddle Christian men, as warie Dames catche
 “ flies !”

PAGE 83.—*Not Guilty.*

III.—Lady A. MURRAY.

——— “ A lovely stennie,
 “ Whose cyon grafted from a Royal stocke,
 “ Earlie putte forthe one sweete, and tender blossome,
 “ And then neglected, wildlie runne to ruine !”

PAGE 13.—*Not Guilty.*

IV.—Lord TH—RL—W.

——— “ He is a rough Smythe,
“ Who o’er warme work, fweares, more than whistles ;
“ He makes poor punie knaves the bellows blowe,
“ But when the iron’s well inflam’d, forth comes
“ His mightie sledge, and thumps the pliante metalle
“ To his purpose !”

PAGE 108.—*Guilty.*

V.—Mr. ST—V—NS.

——— “ He was, by “ an indenture to witte,” appren-
“ ticed to a twister of common sense, and afterwards set up
“ fancie-monger on his own bottome : he lives now by
“ fitching motlie buttons on dead *Bards*’ jackets ! And
“ yet this varlet has humour ; for he’ll laughe you till
“ his sides crack at his own comical disfigurements !”

PAGE 34.—*Not Guilty.*

SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

ON resuming the *Grand Literary COURT* on Saturday, order was happily restored, by an emanation of that *official wisdom* with which the LORD POLONIUS is so peculiarly gifted! A *golden padlock*, it seems, had been most delicately affixed that morning to the antique clasps of the COMI-TRAGEDY. This, at first, naturally excited a little surprize, but it was soon dispelled by the very graceful delivery of the following *State Paper*, from the courtly hand of Mr. Kiddy DAVIS, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, whom the Manager has kindly lent, as SAXON REPRESENTATIVE in waiting of the heroic VORTIGERN!

(COPY.)

“ BY AUTHORITY!!!

“ It is ORDERED, that no person, of what *rank, quality,*
“ or *degree* soever, shall presume to take any *part, share,*
“ or *interest* in, or give any *public opinion* on, the sacred
“ DRAMA of *Vortigern and Rowena*, until such person

“ shall have been first duly invested with a *Two Guinea*
 “ stamped LICENCE, under our hand and seal, on pain,
 “ and peril of being prosecuted with the utmost rigour,
 “ as a *Vagabond*, under the wholesome statute, entitled,
 “ *The Vagrant Act* !” “ so wisely instituted for the
 “ correction of such *State* abuses !

(Signed)

“ POLONIUS.

(Counter-signed)

“ FOLLET. G. C.”

This was allowed by all the *knowing ones* present, to be a *thought* of the most *profound polity*, and equal to any thing recorded of the sagacious *House of BURLEIGH* ! It naturally branched itself into a two-fold good ; viz. 1. as a touch-stone of *insurance* as to the *qualification*, and *ability* of voters !—2dly— which his Lordship’s *liberality* must mark as the principal consideration,—it instantly made the *Literary Inquest* more *select*, tended to expedite the proceedings of the Court, and thus patriotically expose the endless duration of *Hastings’ Impeachment*. *Licences* were accordingly taken out by those who were prepared for this *voluntary LEVY* ; and those who were not, were very decorously kicked out of Court !

Another decree of a subordinate kind, likewise passed, viz. to change the *suffrage*, annexed to the chosen Passages, from GUILTY and Not GUILTY, to "GENUINE" and "Not GENUINE;"—the vulgar repetition of the sound of *guilt*, &c. being sometimes observed to raise a *demi-blush* of confusion on the OFFICIAL cheek!—The solemn business of the day then commenced.

The following is the List of *Licensed VOTERS*, and their selected *Passages*, enregistered at this Sitting, which we are promised in time for to-morrow's publication, viz.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 5. Marg. ANS—H. | 8. Mrs. FITZ—T. |
| 6. Earl H—WE. | 9. Lord CH—R. |
| 7. Hon. Mrs. ST—N—PE. | 10. Marquis TOW—D. |

The CLERK in COURT has directed us to make an *Erratum* in our first day's report, on the *Passage* which Mr. B—F—Y had so aptly selected for his conscientious suffrage to repose on!—we therefore request that the *Cognoscenti* will *erase*, and thus *amend the Record*:

For "washed his *facre* face in the Tagus,"
 Write "washed his *fair* in the Tagus,
 "To admire it in its glasse, &c."

This emendation is unquestionably due to common *decency* as well as common sense. The word *face*, as a Saxon derivative, unfortunately signifies *fallow* ! it cannot therefore be supposed by those in any habits with the worthy Member for *Yarmouth*, that a Gentleman, naturally conscious of so *fair a face* himself, could have selected a passage thus personally repugnant to his own taste and feelings !

VI.—Marg—ne of AN—P—CH.

“ Oh ! she would enaëte you, from earlieſt youthe,
“ ſcenes to bewitche men’s eyes ! and eares ! and hartes !
“ —Of late ſhe did performe the QUEENE right regallie ;
“ and got a goodlie Sir to play her FOOLE !—Heaven
“ bleſſe her *Highbneſſe* : for ſhe hath had her ups, and
“ downes in this madde worlde in plentie !”

PAGE 3.—Not GENUINE.

VII.—Earl H—W—.

——— “ At ebbe of fleetinge life,
 “ One deed of armes he valiantlie atchiev'd,
 “ Of warlike enterprize !—Alofte he bore
 “ The British standarde to that ruthlesse coaste,
 “ Where *Gallicke* streamers deeply stained with bloode,
 “ Brav'd the indigant skie ! there proudlie conquer'd :
 “ Oh ! noblie done !—With laurel wreathe well grac'd,
 “ Nowe let the vet'ran Chiefe seek calme retreat,
 “ Cheer'd by the radiance of his settinge sunne,
 Left Chance should marre, by pallied stroke his fame !”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

VIII.—Hon. Mrs. ST—N—FE.

——— “ ROWENA hearde the tale,
 “ Smil'd midde her griefe, o'er all his val'rous deedes,
 “ Then ask'd, in teares, his storie o'er againe !”

PAGE 7.—GENUINE.

IX.—Lord CH—R.

“Howe can I shifte me more?—Have I not runne
“through all the colours of the changeful skie?—My
“coate and doublette, are they not thread-bare growne in
“turninge?—Were not my very skinne seene through,
“I’d trie the t’other side of that to please you!”

PAGE 76.—GENUINE.

X.—Mrs. FITZ—T.

——— “O! lengthen’d torture of suspense!
“And must I grace a *Courtlie* Rival’s triumphe?
“—Bende stubborne harte, and lowlie learn to meete
“The toweringe eye of her, whose pictured charmes
“At distance won the fickle truante from thee.
“Alack! too near thy weaknesse were seene,
“And so they’re nowe most speedilie forgotten!”

PAGE 2.—Not GENUINE.

X.—Marq—s Tow—D.

“ Of all your sharp-brain’d fellowes, give me a *wet*
“ *twitte* ! Why, he’s the Prince of Bottle Conjurors ! he’ll
“ draw you fix long cokes in the twinklinge of a land-
“ ladie’s eye !—At *Lente*, a spice o’ th’ moral man comes
“ o’er him ; now weares he sackcloth, and loathing his
“ wine, chauntes straines of psalmodie in doleful spirit :
“ —At *Lammas*, the flesh again prevailes, and then ear-
“ rols he tales of bawdrie, ‘till he fendes the Moone
“ shame-faced to bed !”

PAGE 4.—GENUINE.

THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

XI.—Lord E—DL—Y. *Sundley*

—— “Why, he's no Jewe ! I sawe him eate *Porke* with
“ a Pigge-driver, and afterwarde goe forthe, and hunt
“ the *Strande* for a little sweete sauce to the fleshe !—Hea-
“ ven bleffe him ; for he has a true *Christian* harte, that
“ bids him ope his palme to all that neede it !”

PAGE II.—*Not GENUINE.*

XII.—Duchefs of Y—K.

—— “That's her, the mirrore of her sexe,
“ Reflecting graces that adorne her state !
“ View ye that eye uplifted, of purest blue ?
“ Not for her patiente selfe she askes a boone,
“ But sighes for blessings wyde on all arounde her !”

PAGE 3.—GENUINE.

XIII.—Miss Oc—E.

“ Where could I place my likinge more worthilie, than
 “ on his manlye witte, and playful partes?—An antiente
 “ aunte of mine, who is *sande-blinde*, faine would have
 “ crost my love—but I told her I had eyes, and could
 “ chuse my owne partner for *Blindman’s buffe*!—My
 “ father, heaven thank it, is a goodlie man o’ th’ *Churche*,
 “ and well-natured—for he coaxed my chinne, and smil-
 “ ing saide—forget not, Childe, to worke me out a MITRE
 “ in chaine-flitche!”

PAGE I.—GENUINE.

XIV.—Sir JOHN S—NC—R.

—— “ A ploddinge Sir, that dailie held
 “ Fantastick converse with his mother *Earthe*!
 “ A mightie analyzer of all that’s littel!
 “ He’d turn the skinne of a poor *barley-corne*
 “ Full six times o’er its backe, t’explore its gender!
 “ Bred in that frugal clime, where man per force
 “ Makes his poor breeches o’ the cuttinge windes,
 “ He thought the humble herdes in this might have
 “ Precedence; so he mov’d, kind soule, to cloathe
 “ The SHEEP, by special Acte of Senate!”

PAGE 6.—NOT GENUINE.

XV.—Lady AR—R.

———“ Mine was the earlie arte
“ To banishe Nature’s blushes from the cheeke!
“ I learnt it of a *Dyer’s* wife in SPAINÉ,
“ Whose face in Tyrian die was so engrain’d,
“ That *Turkie Cockes* assail’d her as she paste!”

PAGE 21.—Not GENUINE.

XVI.—Mr. T—TH—MP—N.

“ I mett i’ th’ Vale of *Eveshame* the spawne of a *Fewe*
“ *Pedlære*: He had wifelic made the most of his father’s
“ wares, for he wore them right fwaggeringlie on his
“ owne backe!—He was an odde fishe—talked of *du-*
“ *cattes*, as of duckes, and drakes—and fwore he was cir-
“ cumcised i’ th’ fleshe, to become a mender of the State!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

Princess of Wales

XVII.—P—ss of W—L—s.

— “ She came

- “ A lovelie stranger to a foreigne clime,
 “ To seale her virgin wowe, and proudlie winne
 “ A People's homage! — — —
 “ Rough was her passage o'er! for three long Moones
 “ The fretful elements conspired in wrathe
 “ To wrest her from her LORDE!—but now arriv'd,
 “ Of this sweete, tender plante, O thou possessest,
 “ Keepe from its roote the briar's thornie snare,
 “ And baneful creeping ivie of a *Courte*:
 “ So may this faire exoticke blesse our soile,
 “ And bloome therein at peace!”

PAGE 2.—GENUINE.

XVIII.—Duke of P—D.

“ These habiliments of tissued honour, hange so looslie
“ on me, that with reverence to my *Grace*, I am taken for
“ little more than one decked out in other men’s deserts.—
“ Let that pass. But saie, on what state feature of my vi-
“ sage, dare any man read *Dupe*? ’Tis true that I am a
“ serving man o’ th’ *Courte*!—Do all that wiser men com-
“ mand me—Keepe my *Kinge’s* Council, and mine own
“ place—Then dupe me no *Dupes*! And, were I not afraid
“ of staining my Courtly Doublet, I might scratch out
“ that filthie worde with daggers: But I’ll be no man’s
“ *dupe* in such bloodie deedes, that’s poz!”

PAGE 100.—Not GENUINE.

XIX.—D—ss of C—D.

—“ How’s this? a *marriage regalle*,
“ And I not bidden to the feaste?—The times
“ Are shamefully untun’d—What then avails
“ The minde well-fashion’d for a *Courte* intrigue?
“ Or arte to lime the giddie royalle birde
“ Ere he can soare on pinion of discretion?
“ But as they’ve piqued my woman’s pride,
“ Let them look to’t!—The *bonied-moon* gone downe,
“ I’ll play the *cater-cousin* yet among ’em!”

PAGE 101.—GENUINE.

XX.—Sir Wm. D—LE—N.

“ A KNIGHTE begotten at a retreate i' th' *holie* warres !
 “ and now drie-nursed by his *Alma Mater* ! He is a moral
 “ master of proprietie, and was at oddes with a crofs-leg-
 “ ged *Oxforde Tailor*, for turning out his toes on *Sundaice* !
 “ —So pious is his regarde for every man's soul, that he
 “ strives to packe it off to heaven in its best bib, and
 “ tucker ! !”

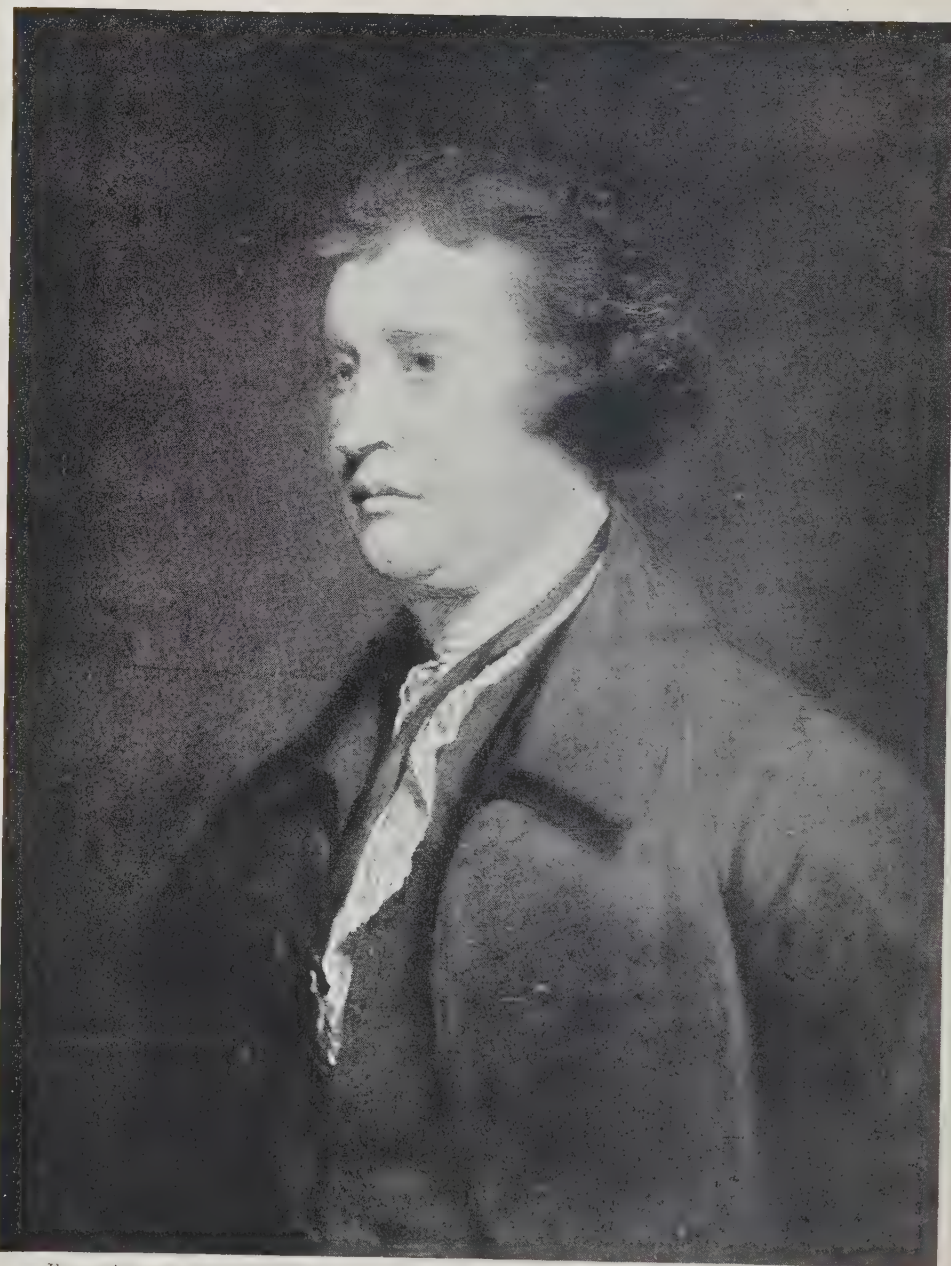
PAGE I.—GENUINE.

 XXI.—Hon. Mrs. D—R.

— “ She, from a block of *Parian* marble,
 “ Drewe cold antipathies 'gainst flesh and bloode,
 “ Which custome turn'd to loathing. Nought could move
 “ Her wrapt imagination, save some parte,
 “ Or limbe, grac'd into muscular proportion
 “ By her own hand, so faire, and so creative :
 “ On this she'd gaze, and bende to sacrifice,
 “ With strange delighte !”

PAGE 4.—Not GENUINE.





From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE,

Famed for his oratory ; his Parliamentary speeches are classic examples of eloquence.

XXII.—Mr. B—KE. *Burke*

“ I knewe a bufie *Esquire* who consumed his daies in
“ rakeing fierrie coales under the Cauldron o’ the State
“ to make hotte wáter!—yet he had genius, with which
“ he sublimelie soared beyond human ken! it was also
“ beautiful—for it scorned to traverse in a strait line;—
“ heaven blefs fuche wittes from the foule fiende!”

PAGE 13.—*Not GENUINE.*

C

FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXIII.—Earl of C—RL—LE.

“Thoughe once a *Commissioner* on a simple embassie, am
“I enacted a bond-man perpetual under the *huge* SEALE
“of follie?—Being both my friendes, and *Statesmen* now
“at oddes, you do mine honour much injurie! You have
“stucke me up as a pent-house, under which to meete,
“and call each other foule names by virtue of your *pre-*
“rogative courtlie! Doubtles, you will next expecte to
“shoote deadlie metal at each other, through my statelie
“bodie!—But thanks to my *Witte*, I have the gifte of
“rhyme; so will I speciallie indite my grievances in
“metre, that wise men may admire, and pitie me!”

PAGE 22.—Not GENUINE.

XXIV.—Marc—fs T—ns—D.

—— “ Howe she was won

- “ To yelde her virgin harte so strangle up,
 “ No one hath chronicled ; that *Gossip* save,
 “ Whóse ill-engender'd tales of foule reporte,
 “ *Truthe* smothers soone as borne.—Oh ! once betrothed,
 “ She, midde the ranke infections of a *Courte*,
 “ Bore her bewitchinge beauties with such grace,
 “ That not a lawlesse eye dare gaze upon them !
 “ Faithful to plighted vowes, her youthful course
 “ She run with adverse yeares ; and spighte of bloode,
 “ Kept her quicke pulse by lowlie temp'rature,
 “ Coole as the lagging current of her *Lorde's* ;
 “ And thus in chastitie so rare,—became
 “ The envied mother of a lovelie race !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXV.—Mr. C—nn—G.

- “ Before the *moulting* time, he promised to be a prettie
 “ Birde, of hopeful Songe !—A blyster on the backe of the
 “ *State Chyrurgeon*, for clippinge my young *Darwe* under
 “ the tongue, to make him more eloquente ! Indeed,
 “ Dame, the poore cut fowle hath ne'er *prattled* to any
 “ tune since !”

PAGE 2.—GENUINE.

XXVI.—Miss B—Y ST—T.

“ They call'd for *Little Figure*, as I dealt,
 “ And—Omen deare!—up came the KING of *Hartes*!
 “ —Would that he were not of the *royalle bloode*!
 “ And yet 'tis none of that proude current bids
 “ Mine tingle thus thro' every little veine;
 “ Oh no!—true love is far above all state:
 “ His lookes are *Princelie*—but his sighes, and vowes,
 “ Blende soft, and sweete with mine of humbler birthe!”

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

XXVII.—Ad. M'BRIDE.

“ I had sacked their faire Citie, but that the renigadoes
 “ of *Dunkirke*, like so many sea-moles, raised shoales, and
 “ sande-bankes to pick up my deep-water barques!—The
 “ Cowardes knew me well, and so came not within the
 “ reache of my red-hot shotte!—The first convenient
 “ *Moone* at full, I'll trie the knaves on t'other tacke—
 “ till then, I must content me with the goode reportes
 “ the dailie Newesmen do so prettilie promulgate of my
 “ fame!”

PAGE 99.—Not GENUINE.

XXVIII.—Duke of D——T.

—— ——— “ Here Damsels ! view
“ A *Knighte* gallante, bedeckt in Beauties’ spoiles !
“ Her *Royalle semblance* at my breast I weare,
“ But have not said, her *love* she gave me with it ;
“ Of that no matter :—but by your bright eyes
“ She had the most invitinge rubbie lippe,
“ That *France* through all her womanhood could boaste !
“ —Mark ye this ribbande of *Imperial* blue ?
“ If it were not her owne softe garter,
“ Yet, I proteste, transportinglie ’twas gained,
“ By the sweete breathe of her solicitude :
“ What could a *Regal beautie* more ?”

PAGE II.—GENUINE.

SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXIX.—Sir S—D—Y SM—TH.

—“ When I served the *Royalle SWEED*, he gave my
 “ valoure fulle credence for what it did intende!—but
 “ my furlie councitriemen are keene reckoners to passe a
 “ runninge account with—they will have the cleare sum
 “ total of bloode, and conflagration! Suppose ye, the
 “ *Frenche*, deepe skilled in the artes magique, mighte re-
 “ builde the Shippes which my prowesse did annihilate—
 “ howe am I to blame?—I burnte them all to sea-char-
 “ coale, and that in the twinklinge of my owne Northerne
 “ Starre, as I am a *Knighte*, and a *Circumnavigator*?
 “ Had I thoughte that my reporte would have been unac-
 “ credited, I might have sworne that I ate them into the
 “ bargaine!”

PAGE 33.—GENUINE.

XXX.—D—tc—fs of R—T—D.

“ Were I a Woman with an Angel face,
“ By birthe distinguisht, and with children blest,
“ I would not blurre the stocke of such faire fame,
“ By apeing of the wanton thinge I am not !
“ Youth's giddie meteor, *Ladie*, is gone bye,
“ Loft in declension midde new blazinge starres :
“ Why then through Follie's ever changeful skie
“ Its tracklesse course pursue ?—Have you not seene,
“ When heaven's own constellations 'gin to wane,
“ More, and more chaste, and envied they doe shine,
“ Ev'n to their farewelle settinge !”

PAGE 108.—GENUINE.

XXXI.—CH—s Wy—D—M.

Wynellam

— “I knewe him, t’other side the *Appenines*, on his
 “ youtheful travel, a fellowe of much honest worthe,—
 “ one wedded to his friende, and fiaske!—No sooner did
 “ the Dog starre rage, than out he fallied forthe among
 “ the softer sexe, a gaie gallante!—and, by the masse, the
 “ rantipole dames of qualitie made the most of him!—
 “ Good nature was his foible; for he rode you his dailie
 “ roundes through *Padua* on horsebacke, to keepe honest
 “ men’s *wives* quiet!—Even his hunter would stop, as
 “ ’twere by animal instincte, at the newest signe of the
 “ *bornes*!—The wagge has had his daye—and now calm—
 “ lie sits he downe, and talkes of fraile atchievements
 “ paste, like an invalided warriore, unfit for bodilie ser-
 “ vice!”

PAGE 44.—Not GENUINE.

XXXII.—C—fs of AL—M—LE.

afterwards

- “ Oh! she could shifte almost her lovelie sexe—
“ To everie motion give a varying grace!
“ This daie she'd leade the TROOPE i' th' *tented felde*!
“ Nexte—walke a furious matche 'gainst *gaffer TIME*!
“ At heade of HOUNDES now hunt the wilie *Foxe*,
“ Outstripe her *Lorde*, and claime the culprit's brushe!
“ Then urge the *Chariot race* with fierie steeds!
“ Or *steer the VESSEL* through overwhelming seas!
“ —I marvel, when in aire she'll learne to *flie*!
“ Oh winges she soone must have to soare alofte,
“ And drawe men's eyes adoringlie tow'rds heaven!

PAGE 7.—Not GENUINE.

SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXXIII.—Earl FITZ—M.
Sigurdsson

“ They sent me over seas, to be tossed by one of my
“ owne *Trishe Bulls* !—When I thoughte to plaie on them
“ a *Yorkshire bite*, flylie came there forthe one further
“ from the *Northe*, who *cabbaged* all my buckram, and
“ left my state doublet without bodie lineing!—Oh, Sir,
“ they have treated me most insultinglie!—I have been
“ caught in their *Courte-trappe*, like a *Dunstable Larke*,
“ and now they intend to roast and baste me, without
“ any of the crumbes of comforte! But, by the grace of
“ G—d, and the *Bishop* of mine own anointing, I have
“ preserved true my *Catholicke faithe* !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXXIV.—C—ss D—LK—TH.

“ So faire a blossome hath not *Scotia* graced,
 “ Since the dire daies of Beauties’ martyr’d *Queene* !
 “ Her bridal Maides no am’rous flowret strew’d
 “ Before *Rowena*,—nature’s sweetest bud,
 “ Who chastlie blush’d herself a damask rose ;
 “ ’Twas almost sinne to pluck it ! I marvel much,
 “ Whether that envied chiefe, her Northern Lorde,
 “ Will give such hopeful lovelineffe in bloom,
 “ To the rude breathe of Caledonian climes !”

PAGE 121.—Not GENUINE.

XXXV.—*Commdore* P—NE.

“ To serve a *Prince* right courteouslie, you should be no
 “ maker of *mince meat* !—Amphibious must you be !—
 “ prompt to atchieve strange deedes by lande, or water !
 “ on shore, his *Highbness*’ wantes, and wishes execute,
 “ before the fancie royalle hath time to fashion them :
 “ and when your barke’s affoate, give up your pliant failles
 “ to amorous windes, and fetch him cargoes of untried
 “ love from ev’ry pointe o’ th’ compafs !”

PAGE 19.—GENUINE.

XXXVI.—Mrs. S—WE—CE.

——— “ How trulie widowed weeds
“ Depict the semblance of a *Woman's* sorrowe!
“ Well do they name these mournful ribands *Love*—
“ Emblems of joye that's past, and love that's yet in store!
“ Come hither Blanche—say how I look to-daie
“ For if my glasse speake true, this sorrowe feign'd
“ Doth charminglie become me !”

PAGE 20.—*Not* GENUINE.

EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXXVII.—Earl of Ux—GE.

——— “I am myself descended from the antiente
“ loines of Alexander the *Copper Smithe*! but it matters
“ not how a *greate man* was either borne or begotten, if
“ *chance* do but stande his God-father!—I knewe a fel-
“ lowe, destined by fate to scratche like a mole under
“ grounde, ’till delvinge there one luckie daie, he spied a
“ veine of *shininge oare*, on which he sette men of more
“ genius than himfelfe to worke him out a *Crownette*—
“ This, deckt with belles and feathers, on his owne tem-
“ ples of unblushing metal formed, did he fwaggeringlie
“ place, for all men’s eyes to marvellē at!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXXVIII.—Sir CH. T—N—R.

—— “ Give me a SOLDIER of *fortune*, who can afforde
 “ to hunte hisemie abroad with *bloode boundes*! Re-
 “ turninge home, he maie champion fate to th’ utter-
 “ moſte, and ſtand you undauntedlie a throwe o’ the *dice-*
 “ *boxe*, more deadlie than the rattle of *Bellona’s cannon* !”

PAGE 23.—Not GENUINE.

XXXIX.—C—fs of P—MF—T.

—— “ Oh, Sir! I’ll wager you
 “ The Lapedaries ſkille ’gainſt that of nature!
 “ It matters not howe plaine th’ entablature
 “ Rounde which the cunninge artiſte doth beſette
 “ His ſparklinge jewelrie—What *Dame* can lacke
 “ The living luſtre of an hazle *eye*,
 “ Whoſe vacancie a brilliant gem filles up?
 “ —Or who the poutinge ripeneſs of a *lip*,
 “ Which rubies ſo enchantinglie ſupplie?”

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

XL.—MR. C—WTH—NE.

——“ My wife's BANKE is as firme as the proude one
“ which the *Londonne* Merchantess doe intende for their
“ faire citie!—I *punte* at it mine ownselfe i' th' familie
“ way, so both are gainers; for though she may cocke
“ me out of my coine, I have my night's amusement for
“ my monie!”

PAGE 30.—*Not* GENUINE.

NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XLI.—Mar—fs S—Y. *John's story*

—— “ As I am not more coylye fashioned than the
 “ huntress *Dian*, I finde no sporte i' th' Chase, unless
 “ they mount me on a mettled steede—one retaining all
 “ the powers which bounteous Nature gave him! I rode
 “ a geldinge in my youtheiful daies—but the dull *Mule*
 “ had not one pace to please me! It joies me most to be
 “ in at the extatic deathe!—but howe that can be, I
 “ marvel, unless a woman be gaillic mounted?”

PAGE 25.—Not GENUINE.

XLII.—Earl of CH—TF—D. *John's story*

—— “ Between you and me, he's become no less
 “ a creature, than the ear-wig of the Caxon Royale!—
 “ To be a bearer of wonderous tidings, is his soule's
 “ delighte; and when he cannot picke up his budget
 “ fulle of tales, how marvelousslie will he coin 'em!—
 “ He's chuck full of antickes—and he'll fetch and
 “ carrie post, like an over-sea dog, so that you do but
 “ laughe, and spit on a crust for his foolerie!”

PAGE 110.—GENUINE.

XLIII.—Mrs. ED. B—V—IE.

“ Thinke not you gaze upon a statue here,
“ Whose beauties live but on an outward forme!
“ Inspecte the movements of *Ispbina's* minde,
“ And these will sanctione Man's idolatrie!
“ —Her maiden modestie she still retaines
“ Through all the duties of a wedded life.
“ With meltinge energies of soul endued,
“ See with what grace she mildlie yields her owne,
“ Or rules by reason's charme another's will !
“ Oh let this lovelie gem be fairlie copied.”—

PAGE 44.—GENUINE.

XLIV.—Earl of J—Y.

—— “ I followe our Sovereigne Lord the *Prince* in
“ Kendal Greene, to hunte the hinde, and harte, to the
“ founde of mine own horne!—Passing *Hearne's Oake*, our
“ last ring i' th' forest, my *roane mare* made a false step,
“ and wisking me o'er her eares, the jade must have split
“ me, had I not fortunatelie fell into a buckthorne bush,
“ where, as goode-lucke would have it, I hung securelie
“ by mine own deare heade!”

PAGE 3.—Not GENUINE.

D

TENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XLV.—Duke of N—K. *Harfeth*

“ Should a man in these hurlie-burlie daies, be permitted to weare a heade on his shoulders, let him not quarrel about the colour of it!—but if they powder mine, they shall eate it into the bargaine!—I’ll weare my nob as long as I can, in *juble*, for the frailties of my bodie!—The knaves knewe that my sole delighte were in *rave* and *canarie*, and therefore have they clapped a double tax on our Women, and Wine!”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

XLVI.—C—fs M—x—H.

— “ That insinuating creature Man,
“ Wooes us to cut the Gordian knot in twaine,
“ Which ties the slender bande of wedded love !
“ Tho’ Woman’s train’d to trim the Veltale lampe,
“ It will not save her from the gazing eye
“ Of lawles rapture !—O’er my witching face,
“ I throwe my flowinge ringlets as I passe,
“ To garde me from their lookes lascivious ;
“ And yet the wanton windes weave them in snares
“ To trap me fillie men so very faste,
“ That for my soule I cannot set them free !”

PAGE 30.—*Not* GENUINE.

XLVII.—Mr. B—DH—D.

“ Our House is sometimes haunted with evil sprites
“ of fantasticke shapes, and colours ! Once in twelve
“ moones, they turn it out o’ th’ windowes, and I am
“ placed belowe to catch it !—The neighbours saye,
“ there’s rare witte in all these doings—but in the quiet
“ mackness of my harte, I ne’er could finde it out !”

PAGE 88.—GENUINE.

XLVIII.—Mrs. P—ZI. *Pizzie*

“ I knewe her the wife of honest *Guzman*, a good com-
“ pounder of *Malte*, and *Hoppes*;—then had she the rea-
“ sonable use of her mother-tongue.—No sooner was he
“ defuncte, than she became enamoured of foreigne dig-
“ nities,—wedded a *Milanesse piper*, and travelled o’er the
“ Appenines to the tune of his boxe of whistles!—On her
“ returne, she set up a feminine manufactory, for weav-
“ inge *conversations superfine*!—These tabbies pronounced
“ the destinies of their owae sexe like *Sybils*, and became
“ haters of mankind, because men liked them not! nay,
“ the whimsical jades wore stockings of *skie-blue*, not
“ having a leg among ’em to catch an eye, without the
“ noveltie of colouringe!”

PAGE 68.—GENUINE.

ELEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

macheth

XLIX.—Sir R—B—T M—CKR—H.

“ I have ventured at last to be touched with *colde iron*,
“ which arguies consequence, as well as valour!—To
“ have a shining blade whipped across my humble
“ shoulder, by the dexter hande of Sovereigntie, gives
“ me the *polish of gentilitie*, which rubs out everie spot
“ of *vulgar rust*! At the first call to the presence royale,
“ *Coming up!*” says I, as cheerfullie as ever! on which
“ the Lordes and Ladies of the Courte, in admiration of
“ my witte, were pleased to laugh most heartilie!—
“ Should any meddling foole aske of me, howe I came
“ thus dignified?—marry the answer’s plaine; because
“ I got my monies *darklie*, and as it were i’ the *nighte*, so
“ in the wisdom of greater men than myselfe, I was
“ thought right worthie to be *be-knighted!*”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

L.—Lady C—NL—FE. *butcher*

—— “ When summer revels ’gin,
 “ And through the woodland scenes, the beugle horne
 “ Calls forthe the *merrie* ARCHERS—blith I leade
 “ My buskin’d nymphes, equipt with graceful bowe,
 “ To trie their skille in *Cheeshire*’s bloominge vale !
 “ If with more arte my feather’d arrowes flie
 “ True to the target’s center—quicke I turne
 “ A carelesse eare to flatterie’s buzzing traine,
 “ Content with that fair-gotten meede of healthe,
 “ Which sportive innocence bestowes !”

PAGE 112.—Not GENUINE.

LI.—Lord C—TN—Y. *butcher*

—— “ I sawe it flutteringe o’er a banke of
 “ violettes, gaier than a May-born butterflie !—If our
 “ Naturalists looke not to it, we shall loose, I feare, the
 “ stocke of this sweet *non-descript* in colde extinction;
 “ for, by the masse, it seemes too delicate, t’endure the
 “ vulgar toiles of procreation !”

PAGE 78.—GENUINE.

LII.—MISS H—TH—N.

—“ Nay, nay, flout me as you please, I’ll keepe my
“ *spinster’s* humour! What care I, if I am doom’d to
“ dance an ape in t’other worlde?—is it not better far,
“ than being chain’d to one in this?—Tell me,—have I
“ not a warme husbände in my bags of golde, in value
“ of which the sneaking fellows would faine make
“ me a wife!—For this coine of mine, which I knowe
“ how to take care of myselfe, all men are my *most de-*
“ *voted*!—I weare I have more perſonal attractions than
“ the Sea-born Goddeſſe, and that my circuitous waiste
“ is more delicatelie ſhaped than even *Dian’s* girdle—
“ admirable conceits! But I have *laughed* at the humour
“ of theſe poor knaves ſo long, ’tis no marvel I have
“ growne FAT!”

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

TWELFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LIII.—D—*fg* of GL—R. *Illustration*

———— “ I fcorne to ask of fate
 “ Why I, so regallie allied to thrones,
 “ Am thus debarred my lawful rightes of state,
 “ Of homage, fealtie, and courtlie ranke?
 “ In this long banishment from all my claimes,
 “ My woman's pride doth still sustaine
 “ The loftie bearings of a *princelie* mind!
 “ Rather than mingle with the motlie herde,
 “ Which form the fleeting nobleſſe of our land,
 “ In dignified obſcuritie I'll dwell,
 “ And diet on mine own proud spleene till death !”

PAGE 21.—GENUINE.

LIV.—Earl of L—s—R.

“ Why, Sir, he hath climbed every arm of the miglitie
“ *tree of Genealogie*, like a School-boie after Rookes nests ;
“ and can pointe you out the oldest branch, which bore
“ his great forefather as its first fruit !—He hath a most
“ sensitive nostril for the flowers of *antiente Nobilitie*—
“ and will smell you out the stocke from our *red or white*
“ *rose*, a furlonge off !—He now delights in the sleeping
“ languages of past daies, and therefore hath he been
“ created great *Lorde Decypherer* of the dead letters !—As
“ an *Antiquarian* he is most dexterous, for he proved, in
“ the teethe of the Courte, that he was *born* before his
“ father, and therefore ought to be first *thought of* ; and,
“ in truth, so he was, for he slipt his head into an *Earl’s*
“ *crownet*, which they had beene preparing for his Sire !”

PAGE 114.—Not GENUINE.

LV.—Lady EL——TH F——R.

“ You say, that *Rowena* should not have been compelled
“ to *wed* according to the *Law Canonical*—marry, why?
“ because the *Lawe of Nature*, which was the first, doth
“ allow unto everie Spinster to *burn* and the like, after
“ her own discretion? So that the worlde be but well
“ stocked with *sucklings*, male and female, it matters
“ not how they were born or begotten. If they finde
“ not out their real *Dams*, give them but a good *Foster*
“ *Mother*, and that will content them!”

PAGE 13.—GENUINE.

LVI.—Earl of A——LE.

“ Oh, short indeed was that pale honie-moone
“ Which shone on our greene loves ! Could she not bear
“ The mild remonstrance which affection moved,
“ To shielde our blended pride from painful claimes
“ Necessitie might rudelie presse !—Alas,
“ If from that breaste, which I so fondlie made
“ The secreet treasurie of all my thoughts,
“ I could not counsel ask, nor seek repose,
“ ’Twas well to sever thus our fates in twaine !—
“ Come, little off-spring of our short-lived blisse,
“ Dear tokens of your parents’ happier daies,
“ Take now the other share of my soul’s love,
“ Which she that bore you deems not worth her keepinge !”

PAGE 44.—Not GENUINE.

THIRTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

Princess Elizabeth

LVII.—P—fs EL—TH.

—“ Heaven blefs her merrie harte ! and keepe all
“ forrowe from it !—She is the sweet-tuned fiddle of her
“ father's Courte, where no true pastime can be known
“ without her !—Each bower, and hall, she decks with
“ such true grace, that you might sweare where'er she
“ moves, perpetual Spring attends her :—Oh ! blithsome
“ *Princes* ! long may the mirth of innocence be thine,
“ and thou the faire dispenfer of its power, to turn aside
“ those barbed shaftes, which fate full oft doth forge,
“ wherewith to wounde the bosome of a *Kinge* !”

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

LVIII.—Earl GR—R. *Griffin*

—“ I met a *Yeoman-pricker* of the Chace, who,
 “ piteous fellowe,—pointed me fadlie out, a noble an-
 “ tient *Stag*, the feates, and frolickes of whose youthe
 “ were gone!—At ruttinge time, now dothe he seeke the
 “ rushie-bottomed glen, thence to behold his successors
 “ trip by in lustie rivalrie, leading the amorous herde at
 “ pleasure o’er the heathe, while he dothe deeplie fight
 “ for sportes now paste, and shed in lonelie solitude his
 “ hornes !”

PAGE 4.—GENUINE.

LIX.—D—fs H—L—N. *Helen*

“ Soft, unuspicious sifterhood of mine,
 “ Ere you the hand of innocence bestowe
 “ On wooinge man—marke well, I praie,
 “ The temper of his mind !—Oh ! wed ye not
 “ To brutal fullenefs, in Lordlie thape,
 “ Or lowe vulgaritie disguised in state.
 “ Unheedinge this, incautiouflie I fell
 “ From all the virgin pleasures of my youthe,
 “ To miseries almost confined to me,
 “ The titled shadowe of a *widowed WIFE* !”

PAGE 88.—Not GENUINE.

LX.—Sir Jos. B——ks.

“ Why have I circled wide the varying poles ?
 “ Search’d Nature to her source in every clime,
 “ Survey’d her animals, her plants, and flowers,
 “ Learnt every particle of sande by name,
 “ And lowlie dust of which vain man’s compounded ?
 “ Why ransack’d thus the ever-changeeful globe,
 “ But to extende the social intercourse
 “ Twixt Heaven’s created beings ?—This I’ve done,
 “ And moulded to one common will with mine
 “ Two * *Creatures* opposit in Nature’s scale ;
 “ Unbente their aukwarde dignitie of minde,
 “ To share with me equalitie of rights.
 “ Two yeares their bathful modestie I woo’d,
 “ Ere they, by joint consent, would imitate
 “ Man’s daily avocations : docile growne,
 “ They now will reason with me on the square,
 “ Hop where I walke, and rest if I but pause !
 “ Eat when I feede, and sleepe at my repose !
 “ Thus we instinctivellie philosophize
 “ On all our little wantes for fleeting life !”

PAGE 21.—GENUINE.

* Alluding, as Mr MALONE shrewdly suspects, to the extraordinary whim of a Naturalist in these days, who devoted his latter years to the humane office of taming a TOAD, and a BADGER ! After reconciling their rude antipathies, he domesticated them with so much address to his own family, as at last to boast of them, as a pair of the most rational beings in the whole circle of his acquaintance !

FOURTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXI.—M—q—fs of S—y.

—“ Yes, that is the great *Polonius* himself!—He
“ doth expect the humble homage of our knee—and must
“ have it! I prithee call him not a shallow-witted Lorde,
“ when his wife head is crammed so full of braines,
“ that he knowes not which way to turne them!—Some
“ whimsical God, in heathenish daies! decreed, that he
“ should be born a loftie man, and a mightie!—He is the
“ *Cæsus Morum* of the *Harmonique Spheres*, under whose
“ authoritie poor *Bardes*, and *Minstrels*, are whipped
“ from tything to tything!—likewise a deep Astronomer,
“ skilled in the signs from *Taurus* to *Capricorn*! and so
“ great a *Naturaliste*, that he knowes the *buddings* season
“ by the note of the prophetick *Cuckoe*!”

PAGE 87.—GENUINE.

LXII.—Lady W—M R—L.

“ Oh, dearest Nurse! and it be like its father, as you
“ faie, and a lovelie *boy*, see quicklie if it's prettie mouthe
“ be furnished with a *tongue*!—and it be tied, I prairie you
“ cut, with tender care, the ligature in twaine, that the
“ maladie of filence be not entailed upon our line of
“ *Males*! Were it a *girl*—such pains were usefells, as its
“ *Grand Mama*, who hathe not yet the *fruitful arte* for-
“ sworne, full oft declared, no female progenie of hers
“ could be devoid of *prattling powers*!”

PAGE 187.—GENUINE.

LXIII.—Duke of R—M—D.

— “ With fronte of colde, and weather-beaten brasſe,
“ Sullen he moved, and ſlowe, like batt’ring-ramme,
“ As if he plann’d indignantly to raze
“ His own proude battlements !—then ſuddenlie
“ With humble creſt he ſpake !—
“ In mine own workes, chin-deep was I entrench’d,
“ Cover’d with *baſtions* raiſed from mines of golde,
“ Defyinge *ſap* ! or *ſiege* ! or *coup-de-main* !
“ Till one *howitzer*, mounted on an height,
“ So gall’d my *flanke*—*dismounted* all my gunnes,
“ That I a *parlie* beat !—no honours ask’d,
“ But *march’d me out*, unable to contende
“ Againſt the wratheful ORDINANCE of Heaven

PAGE 101.—Not GENUINE.

LXIV.—Lady W.—L.—CE. *Wallace*

“ These are not the times to stand upon a punctilious
 “ observance of sexe, or to hide a masculine boldness
 “ under the flimsie veil of female delicacie!—Looke upon
 “ the Scottish *bonnie BELL*?—a *he-she* citizen of everie
 “ lande! She wears you men’s *fillebegg* loofelie like a
 “ *Turke*!—can *box* with Datchet bargemen,—*swim* like
 “ a mermaid with her fair face upwards!—and push low
 “ quarte with the nimblest masters of th’ assault!—So
 “ amphibiouslie created, as to be ready for any service, by
 “ sea, or lande! I’ve seen her tosse off a glasse of flip, and
 “ dance a reele on deck, while the weather-beaten vessel
 “ was shaking under three reefed sails!—Put on shore,
 “ she would flie to the beat of martial drum, hoiste up
 “ her under-petticoat to drie, and while it was shot at by
 “ Kentish *Volunteers*, laugh at the bungling marksmen,
 “ for not hitting the target in the bull’s eye!”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

FIFTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXV.—Princess R.—L.

“ No, in good foothe !—I am not one of those
“ To breathe out sighes for that vain creature Man
“ To lorde it o’er me in an unknown clime !
“ Too soone the softe delusion of his tongue
“ A changeful husband turns to wanton dames !
“ Let others then in patient silence sit,
“ And see each Ladie of their Courte carest,
“ Or lowlie handmaid of their house preferr’d ;
“ But I’ll ne’er pine, or fade in splendid forrowe,
“ Compell’d to weare the semblance of delighte,
“ While my swoln harte is rending with its grief !
“ In peace domestique rather let me dwelle
“ Within the bosome of my native isle,
“ Nor barter blessings of a British growthe,
“ For foreigne miserie in state array’d !”

PAGE 132.—GENUINE.

Marvellous

LXVI.—Duke of M—CH.

— “ He was a marvellous admirer of the *Antients*,
 “ and recommended the antique coinage to the treasure
 “ of his friends, content himself with hoarding up the
 “ golden produce of the moderne mints ! In worldly wif-
 “ dome he had a right saving knowledge, so that he
 “ wasted you no more *words*, than *pistories* !—As a grea-
 “ ter man he panted after elbowe-roome—and gained it, by
 “ adding unnumber’d acres to his vaste domains ! He
 “ followed not his martial progenitor in surrounding vast
 “ Empires, but indulged himself in the pacifique plan of
 “ drawing a line of circumvallation round a single *Shire* !
 “ —For this, upon his table sovereignlie becarpetted, do
 “ lie the maps, and charts of neighbouring demesnes,
 “ which, as a mortal with an *earthly*-minde, his eye
 “ doth greedilie devour !”

PAGE 99.—Not GENUINE.

LXVII.—Mr. T—R—V—S.

“ I marvel whether it be profitable, or not, in *Jerwe*, or
“ *Gentile*, to chaunte ballades of bawdrie for loofe Lordes,
“ and crack luscious jokes to yelde them the kernels,
“ till time hath left him toothelefs?”

PAGE 181.—GENUINE.

LXVIII.—Lady D—Y T—MP—N.

“ In daies of yore, I drewe God’s Creatures male about
“ me by the light of a lovelie countenance! I had an *eye*
“ then which made some of them smart for it: but that’s
“ gone bye. So now with lengthened veil, and demitie
“ coats cut short, I fallie forthe in everie flauntinge breeze,
“ and make them prance like madmen after me, to the
“ elastic spring of my well-turned leg; while I, a flying
“ Daphne, chide the rude windes which give it to their
“ view!—As for the lost expreffion of an *eye*, it mat-
“ ters not, because a *willing tongue* abundantlie sup-
“ plies it!”

PAGE 48.—*Not* GENUINE.

SIXTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

 LXIX.—Lord K—Y—N.

“ If he be not great grandson to the pepper-corn
 “ *Llewellen*, then knowe I noughte of the race of *Ar-*
 “ *tiente Britons*!—but let that pass. —When a striplinge,
 “ he did serve by virtue of indenture tripartite, old *Capias*,
 “ a she bag foxe of the Lawe hard bye the *Wicken*! there
 “ picked he up the minor *quirkes*, and *quiddibets*; but to
 “ the darker mysteries of the blacke Art, he entered a
 “ *demurrer*! From retailinge Lawe thus in small portions
 “ averdupoise, he became by degrees the greates dispenfer
 “ of that wholesome drug to the King's wide common-
 “ weale! Still kepte he his balaunce so nicelie poised,
 “ that yieldinge to no other weigate, a single scruple of
 “ his own conscience would turne the breme. Some
 “ liken him to a cholérique Chymiste, whose virtue is
 “ tried by his own *fire*;—but what heedes the outwarde
 “ wrathe of him, who hathe a minde within, pure as
 “ the mountaine aire which first he breathed!”

PAGE 257.—GENUINE.

LXX.—C—fs W—DC—VE.

Walden

——— “ Far from the worlde retired,
“ In plaintive widowhooe she past her daies!
“ The deeplie-graven image of her Lorde
“ Was treafured at her harte, and there faste bound
“ By the dear pledges of a well-tried love!
“ Each fleetinge houre she call’d her little traine,
“ Looked for some featured copie of their Sire,
“ In fonde expectancie that the might trace
“ A buddinge likenesse in each youthful minde,
“ Sweete proxie of the noble worthe she lost!”

PAGE 166.—Genuine.

LXXI.—Earl P—T.

“ Yes, yes, I tell you ! the same COUNT TIVOLIO
“ who did pennance last Lent at the Roman Carnival !
“ A man of taste so much refined, that he will dance
“ along the flintie way to *Mantua* barefooted, to the tune
“ of a good dinner, so that you call not on him to paie
“ the piper ! He hathe a nature created with exquisite
“ sensibilitie for bodilie endurance ! He faith in veritie,
“ that man was fashioned for long sufferinges ; that if
“ they tolle him up a chimnie like a pancake, he ought
“ not to murmur—nor complain of those who may
“ kindlie beat him as they do a Turkie carpet, to get the
“ dirt out of it by manual compunção ! ”

PAGE 91.—Not GENUINE.

broken bond

LXXII.—D—fs of G—D—N.

“ Ken you that Dame from t’other side the *Tweede* ?—
“ ’Tis the gaie wife of the puissant Thane!—Becoming,
“ as Gossip Fame reports, an analyser of Burgundian
“ juices, they caught her faire face like the wildfire of
“ *St. Antonie*, and cruellie marred its beauties!—Under
“ the radiance of her owne countenance, she can now
“ warmlie delineate all Heaven’s created things by their
“ proper names, without further blushing!—Rearing a
“ broode of March chicks wiselie, she did kindlie accom-
“ modate two sucking Dukes with a pair of them, as
“ greate bridale bargaines! and for her prettie nestlinge
“ that remains, she doth promise to herself as good a
“ market!—Ever merrie is her hearte, that trips it
“ lightlie to a joyous reele, and politique her heade,
“ that gaines her the choicest secrets that passe between
“ the poles!”

PAGE 113.—Not GENUINE.

SEVENTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXIII.—D—ke of G—FT—N.

" How is it, lordie Senators, that a smuggled dash of
 " the *blowde regalle* curdlinge in a mortal man's veines,
 " should freeze up the genial currente of his soule?—If
 " any one hathe neede to gaze upon the puissant *Hugolto*,
 " it must be at distance vast! for he is more loftie than
 " any other of God's creatinge, by many cubittes! Prouder
 " in prosperitie than a pamper'd War-horse, although in
 " jeopardie of state he bends his raven crest, till you may
 " drive him before you like a pinion'd Storke: so im-
 " perious in a fiede of hunters, that every one is inclined
 " to become his WHIPPER-IN right heartilie! 'Tis said
 " an aguish kind of love fit attacked him, tottering un-
 " der the excefs of power, and that the same palpitation
 " shooke him out of his Mistris, and his Place! A raie of
 " sunshine once rudelie broke o'er the darke horizon of
 " his visage, and forced a smile; but in penance for the
 " familiar deede, he hath thenceforth doomed his face
 " to the planetarie influence of a diget's eclipse!"

PAGE 123.—NOT GENUINE.

LXXIV.—C—fs of D—BY.

“ Lo! milde *Rowena* to her friendes restored,
“ And all the meedes of innocence and peace,
“ Lookes on the troubled waters she has past
“ With wonder at her owne deliverance!
“ Still her faire browe its diadem displaies,
“ Which female artes would fain have wrested from her.
“ Pitying she sees a rival queene be-deckt
“ With fancied coronettes of changeful hue;
“ While she with witte and pleasantrie beguiles
“ The fleetinge houres; nor doth a painful fighe
“ Her bosom move, save one of penitence
“ For waywarde errors of unguided youthe!
“ Oh! there be those, who suffringe like her
“ Had fighed their little hartes in twaine—nay wept;
“ Two levelie eyes to ceaseles founts of forrowe!”

PAGE 44.—Not GENUINE.

LXXV.—Lord B—C—VE.

“ Why, even in the goe-carte of the schooles was he
“ made to prattle like unto a linguiste of *Athens*, having
“ his gums rubbed every morninge with a *Greeke* coral
“ by his Alma Mater!—With his yeares grewe an itch-
“ inge ambition to become a maker of orations in the
“ dead languages, which few men livinge might compre-
“ hend: for this, he attempted to speake with the peb-
“ ble of *Demosthenes* in his mouthe before the astonished
“ Senate, which becominge unmanageable, it did untor-
“ tunatelic begagg the aspireinge Declaimer!”

PAGE 54.—Not GENUINE.

Buckingham Palace
LXXXVI.—C—fs of B—K—M—RE.

— “ Playing in all shapes, and kindes, doth marvel-
“ louslie delighte me!—I can play most adroitlie at a
“ *rounde game*; and a busie knife and forke at a *rounde*
“ *table*!—Although our Stage be on the decline, I mar-
“ vel much if it can fall while I continue the maine
“ prop of the Theatre!—Whene’er I do enacte, beare I
“ not all before me?—Ev’n the last time I did perform a
“ movinge parte in a piece *militarie* at the Duke’s privie
“ Drama, as I carried off the west-end of a fortified towne
“ in my retreate through the side wings of his Grace’s
“ scenerie! The next parte I do assume will be that of
“ the Jewishe *Shylocke*, findinge my owne propertie of
“ *bearde*—after which I will have my *pound of fleshe* for
“ supper, or my cooke shall answer for the defaulte by
“ losse of his vocation!”

PAGE 166.—Not GENUINE.

EIGHTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXVII.—Earl of H—TH.

“ Though begotten in a cloudie nighte, he was most
 “ noble brought forth under lunar influence, and there-
 “ fore soon became a dabbler in mysteries celestial! He
 “ was so well with the plannettes, that he could put you
 “ off an *Eclipse* for three weeks upon a stretch, to the
 “ great confusion of all astronomers!—Descended from
 “ King *Bladud* in a converse line, he did decree himselfe
 “ hereditarie ruler of the tepid *Eaths*, and there tumbled
 “ into *hot water* by virtue of his owne special preroga-
 “ tive!—As for *Minsirels*, and *Shew-folkes*, he banished
 “ them his dominion, because they played the foole more
 “ wiselie than their better!”

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

LXXVIII.—P—fs M—RY.

“ Amid the princelie blossomes which adorne
“ Old *Windsor's* happie shades, can nature shewe
“ A fairer flower to blesse each ravish'd sense ?
“ More bloominge as she teems in beautie's scale,
“ Her minde with all the social graces stor'd,
“ Growes riper yet in sweete benevolence.—
“ Heroic youthes, for chivalrie renown'd,
“ When foreigne warfares shall no longer rage,
“ Turne to this isle your royale course in peace ;
“ Here viewing well the lovelie treasure, saie,
“ Is't fittinge this faire forme should fade unseen,
“ Like the pale lillie in sequester'd vale ?”

PAGE 222.—Not GENUINE.

LXXIX.—Arch—p of Y—.

“ In these hacking times of war, see that your mitred
 “ *Abbottes* be formed out of bluffe materials—men who
 “ will fall to fightinge ere they have whistled o’er their
 “ holie mattins!—Commende unto me for the heade of
 “ the true *Churche Militante*, the most reverend *Thwack-*
 “ *haussen*!—he hathe a mightie arme for conqueringe the
 “ stubborne fleshe of others, and from his earliest daies
 “ hath ruled it with a birchen sceptre!”

PAGE 23.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXX.—Mrs. C—NC—N.

—“ Our house is destined for the scene of whimsical
 “ adventures! Unrobeinge myfelfe in my chamber the
 “ other nighte, methoughte I hearde some strange noise
 “ not far distant from my bed!—fearfullie I searched in
 “ vaine, the place most likelie to conceal a man—but
 “ lookinge underneath the vallence, I espied one, at the
 “ sighte of whome my life-bloode ebbed, and in my
 “ swoone the ruffian ’scap’d away!—What his businefs
 “ could be *under* the bed I cannot divine—but he meant
 “ no goode, or surelie he had not been there!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.



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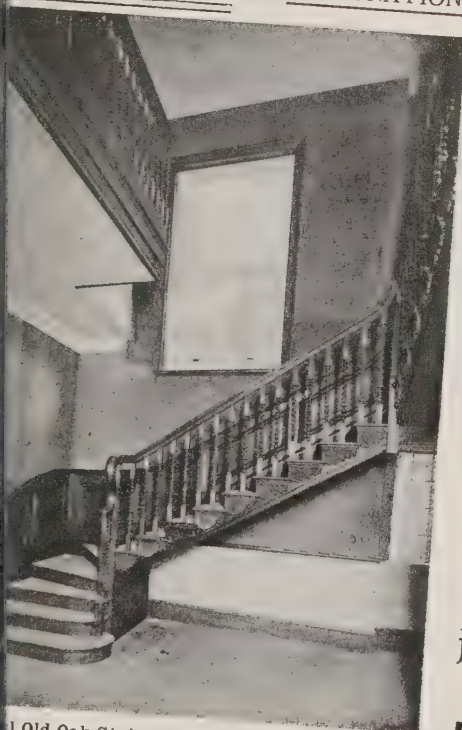
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May, 1908.—No. lxxxi.

NINETEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXXI.—Mrs. M—ST—RS.

“ Havocke I wotte, hathe this faire Syren made
“ Mid poore men's mortal hartes, bestricken with
“ The keeene blue light'ning of her roguish eyes!
“ Still Beautie's flauntinge banner she displaies
“ With all the little loves so cluster'd rounde,
“ That TIME himfelfe enlistes her gaie gallante,
“ Bids all her yeares roll pleasurable on,
“ Allowes nor furrowe to despoile her browe,
“ Nor single rose-bud to forsake her cheekes,
“ That to his desolating power no charge
“ Might lie, for losse of lovelinesse so rare!”

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

LXXXII.—Duke of CL—CE.

—— “ Amphibious form’d,
“ O’er sea and land indignantly he roll’d,
“ As if no element beneath the stars
“ Were worthy his dominion!—Yet sloop’d he
“ To female yoke, and humble then became
“ The foster father of some merrie pranks
“ Which his harte’s *Queen* with other folke had play’d!
“ Though he’s a Princelie Chiefe of bouncing wordes
“ One pepperinge vollie of her comicke clacke
“ Larums his mightie soul to mute subjection!”

PAGE 44.—*Not GENUINE.*

LXXXIII.—Miss P—LH—M.

“ Oh! the she-sharkes who surrounde the tables of
“ chance, devoured all my ducattes in my youthe, and
“ now they shie at my miserie, like a prieste at a poore
“ mendicant! —I am nightlie refused the loane of a fingle
“ stake for one solitarie cocke; so that, biteinge my
“ fingers ends in madnesse, I sit now an idle spectator of
“ fortune's mischiefe, without a consoleing share in the
“ undoinge of others!”

PAGE 20.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXXIV.—Mr. M—DIET—N.

“ What art thou, *memorie*, but a rash obtruder?—nay a
“ fell despoiler of man’s fortune! The little share of thy
“ retentive facultie I do possesse, I will use as warie
“ men do a darke lanthorne, making it visible onlie to
“ illumine their owne pathe!—For my parte, I’ll put a
“ remembrance on no one’s wordes—not even on my
“ owne, if it be not my goode pleasure—Why should I
“ weare a *memorie*, like a tablet on a market crosse, to
“ make inquisitive knaves as wise as myselfe?—I am
“ well travelled i’ th’ manners of the *East*; so that,
“ would men derive information from me, it must be as
“ from the radiant dial, which answers interrogatorie
“ none, unlesse you make the sun to shine right smiling-
“ lie upon it!”

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

TWENTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXXV.—Marquifs C—nw—s.

——— “ What though his bodie
“ Yelde to the fraile infirmities of nature,
“ His loftie mind atchievements hath in store,
“ O'er which brighte Honour proudlie may displaie
“ His purest standarde !—Not in carnaged fieldes
“ Beflowed with human gore, are we to searche
“ For his faire fame, but in surviving hostes,
“ Ia vanquish'd countries, and their prostrate chieffes
“ Rescued by him from wanton desolation :
“ Such are th' heroicke deedes which Virtue claimes
“ Of mightie valour !”

PAGE 76.—GENUINE.

Van dyck

LXXXVI.—Miss VAN—CK.

— “ They shall find me somebodie in the *Presence*
“ Chamber, since they have chosen me Bearer of her
“ Highnesse’ Privie Purse !—Though as yet but an *emptie*
“ honour, I do accept it in the fullness of my grace right
“ thankfullie.—Nowe that I grow in state, as well as sta-
“ ture, the PRINCE may comment at his pleasure on the
“ comeliness of my person; and I will give the Wag a
“ grilled Capon, with catches and glees, whenever it
“ may suite his royale humour to sojourne with me so-
“ berlie at midnichte !”

PAGE 22.—*Not GENUINE.*

LXXXVII.—Earl of INC—Q—N.

— “ By the holie St. *Patricke*, but I have been a
“ spend-thrifte after the polite artes, by which I might
“ be able one day or t’other to turn a saving pennie!—
“ Being born executor to Sir *Launcelot*, the great Limner,
“ I had the over-rummaging of all his pieces, both dead
“ and alive! Och! to be sure and I did not espie me a
“ prettie tight *kit-cat* among them, in which there was
“ *goode keepinge*: so with a little *oyle varnishe* of Blarney,
“ I brought out the beauties of the sweete Crater, to se-
“ cure them, d’ye see, in my own private Collection!”

PAGE 33.—Not GENUINE.

Barbrough

LXXXVIII.—C—fs of B—SB—GH.

- “ Far you might trace ROWENA’S sad returne
“ By teares incessante which bedew’d her way :
“ Ah ! wherefore journie into distant climes
“ For that repose the minde had lost at home ?
“ Swiftlie the rumour of our early deedes
“ Flies on before us, and dothe of-times blighte
“ Those poppie flowrets which our fancie rear’d
“ To strew oblivious over our sorrowes past !—
“ Rest now faire wanderer within our isle ;
“ And if domestique solace thou wouldst knowe,
“ Oh shun the *Circe* artes of thine own sexe,
“ Which ruine more, than those of man’s undoing !”

PAGE 101.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXXIX.—Duke of R—T L—D.

— “ If I had not escaped me from the under-petti-
“ coates of these *doatinge* DOWAGERS, they would have
“ smothered my peering manhoode with the warmthe
“ of their maternal affection !—One of them read me
“ nightlie lectures on the beauties paramount of the
“ *antique* ; and these, with boyish rapture, did I studie,
“ until her Grace, my better-knowinge Mother, chid me
“ for my follie, and bade me launche my buoyant barque
“ upon the flowing tide of youtheful transportes !”

PAGE 87.—GENUINE.

2117
XC.—March—fs of T—CHF—D.

“ Saie, when you likened it to new fallen snowe,
“ And planted countlesse kifles on my hande,
“ Was it in rapture o’er its outwarde shape,
“ Or what its golden palme did then containe?
“ Whate’er the motive of this worshipec—take’t,
“ And all the treasure which it doth possesse:
“ I praie you look not scrupulouslie nice
“ At its contentes; of *golde* there is enough
“ To rub, and polishe o’er the rustic spots
“ With which dire povertie dothe sometimes blur
“ The noblest ermine!—Howe it were begotte,
“ That heede not now: should some be found that’s base,
“ ’Tis fitter barter for those bauble plumes

“ With

“ With which weak women do their pride ennoble !
“ Husbande this wealthe right well my Lorde, if not
“ Your wife ; ’twill aide you in those times of neede,
“ When vain distinctions may be trod to duste,
“ And all your plighted vowes be lost in aire !
“ —So take me as you found me, Scot, and let !
“ But see you fairlie *deal* at present by me,
“ For I was trained to know when people do * *plaie foule*.”

PAGE 210.—Not GENUINE.

* Mr. MALONE, but with a becoming diffidence on so delicate a point, is inclined to think “ that the immortal BARD here levels a favourite PUN at some family anecdotes, well known at that æra in the Annals of GAMING.”

XCI.—Mr. Secretary W—ND—M.

—“ How sharplie sette are all his seven wittes for
“ the affaires of State! Amidst our Sovereigne Lorde’s
“ right sapiente advisers, that’s the man who will make
“ the most of a shatter’d braine, my life on’t! By the
“ masse, but he will sub-divide you the pericranium hu-
“ man into as many crooked axioms as there be haire on
“ the scalpe of a wilde Indian! then so deeplie skilled is
“ he in your mathematiques, that he will set any one’s
“ toothe on edge by the mere fileing of his logical sawe!
“ —Most wifelie did they constitute him their *Secretarie*
“ of WARFARE, because he could write a legible hande
“ in slaughter; nay, and prove upon a pinche, by his
“ *bob-minors* and *majors*, that the *Constitution* is phyfically
“ undone, unlesse it be let *bloode* freelie in the KYNGE’S
“ name!”

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

XCII.—Mrs. GR—Y.

“ This wedded sparke of mine would make a husbände
“ far more conjugal, if he were a *Statesman* lefs confe-
“ quential!—At times, when I do fondlie interpret the
“ language of a looke, to the gaze of admiration on the
“ person he did sweare to love, for better and for worse—
“ he dothe my verie soule bechill with some exclamation
“ of—*the GENTLEMAN in his eye!*”—Now quicklie turn-
“ ing rounde, threatens to—“ *divide the House*”—with
“ which in wedlocke he endowed me!—Anon he whif-
“ pers in mine ear somewhat of “ *a motion he would*
“ *make;*”—but soone, alack, cries out, “ I’ve lost it by
“ the *previous question!*”—Heaven defende his sweete
“ wittes, and direct them to one faire point of love or
“ politiques, for, in their divided state, I feare he’ll marr
“ them bothe!”

TWENTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

XCIII.—Sir JOSEPH M—WB—Y.

“ I am neighbour, at nexte doore, to Sir HUGO BOREI-
“ SKIM, the sturdie Knighte, who picked up his crumbes
“ in the pig-market ! The comelie fausage-women hard
“ by the Poultrie do bend the knee of curtisie to his
“ Worship, because he dealeth hugelie in fwine's fleshe !
“ —Once on a time he was accounted a man of witte,
“ and then fitlie chofen to represent his own hoggerie in
“ fage convention. Moreover, he had an intrigue with
“ an underlinge of the *Muses*, from whence sprung *Christ-*
“ *mas Carrols*, and *Bellmen's Verses*, to the marvellous an-
“ noyance of founde sleepers ! ”

PAGE 66.—Not GENUINE.

XCIV.—Countess of CH—TH—M.

- “ Aye ! there’s a creature feminine, of whome
“ The worlde may proudlie boast.—With store of charmes
“ And blandishments that so bedeck the sexe,
“ She, from the yielding of her gentle harte,
“ Hathe walk’d fair honour’s hand-maide,—earlie shunn’d
“ The flaunting scenes of *Courte* parade, to aete
“ The humbler duties of domestique life.
“ Simplic attired, as innocent in minde,
“ With all the sweete benevolences graced,
“ Her polish, ’came by habit so engrained,
“ That Slander’s biteing file could never touche it !”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

XCV.—Mr. STR—T, (late Member for MALDON.)

— “ No idle prater he, but a dealer in fewe wordes ;
“ and those he doth vouchsafe to utter, carrie with them
“ a convincing charme ! There is ev’n such magique in
“ his monosyllables, that a single *negation* of his i’ th’
“ Senate hath strucke your *Partie-mongers* dumbe ! ”

PAGE 46.—GENUINE.

XCVI.—Lady MARY D—NC—N.

—“ Because it did her Ladie-ship delighte, to mounte
“ her on some *barren staffe*, like *birchen broome*, she was a
“ WEIRD SISTER, wrongfullie y’clep’d !—In veritie she
“ is the widowed remnant of the DUNCAN race, allied
“ to rapes, and massacres of yore !—for this hathe she un-
“ sexed herself to mortal fighte, that men might marvel
“ on her gender, and she avoide those perils known to
“ bothe !—She hathe a meltinge foule for melodie, which
“ in charitie she lendes to *knaves despoiled*, who chaunte
“ their earlie losse in lamentable straines !”

PAGE 39.—Not GENUINE.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

XCVII.—Lord W——M G—RD—N.

“ Time was, I roved through Beautie's gay parterre,
“ And cull'd the sweetest bloßomes of the spring;
“ But now, alack ! mine own poor leafe grows seare
“ And fadeth with the frailties of the fleshe !
“ Then what availe the youthful daies I've known,
“ The fillie hartes with perjured vowes I've limed,
“ And all the pageantrie of lawlesse love ?”

PAGE 66.—*Not GENUINE.*

Marginal

XCVIII.—Mrs. M—YN—L.

— “ My kennel-bred Sparke, dothe fume and frette,
“ like one of his own mad packe, at the parchinge
“ drought which thus his *Chace* delaies.—Indeed I think
“ it longe myself ere he can hie his mettled houndes once
“ more to cover—till then, the harvest is kept backe
“ from which I yearlie reape my gaier prodigalities. For
“ this, like *DIAN*, do I fit the jollie matron of an Hun-
“ ter’s boarde, while *minor Dukes* and *whelp-linge Lordes*
“ with Bumpers charged, to me appeal, on *flyinge Leapes*
“ which they so madlie take?—whose *learthern gaskins*
“ are of trimmest shape? or who does *taliboo* the fought
“ Foxe in straines of loudest dissonance?”

PAGE 56.—Not Genuine

XCIX.—Admiral Lord BR—DP—T.

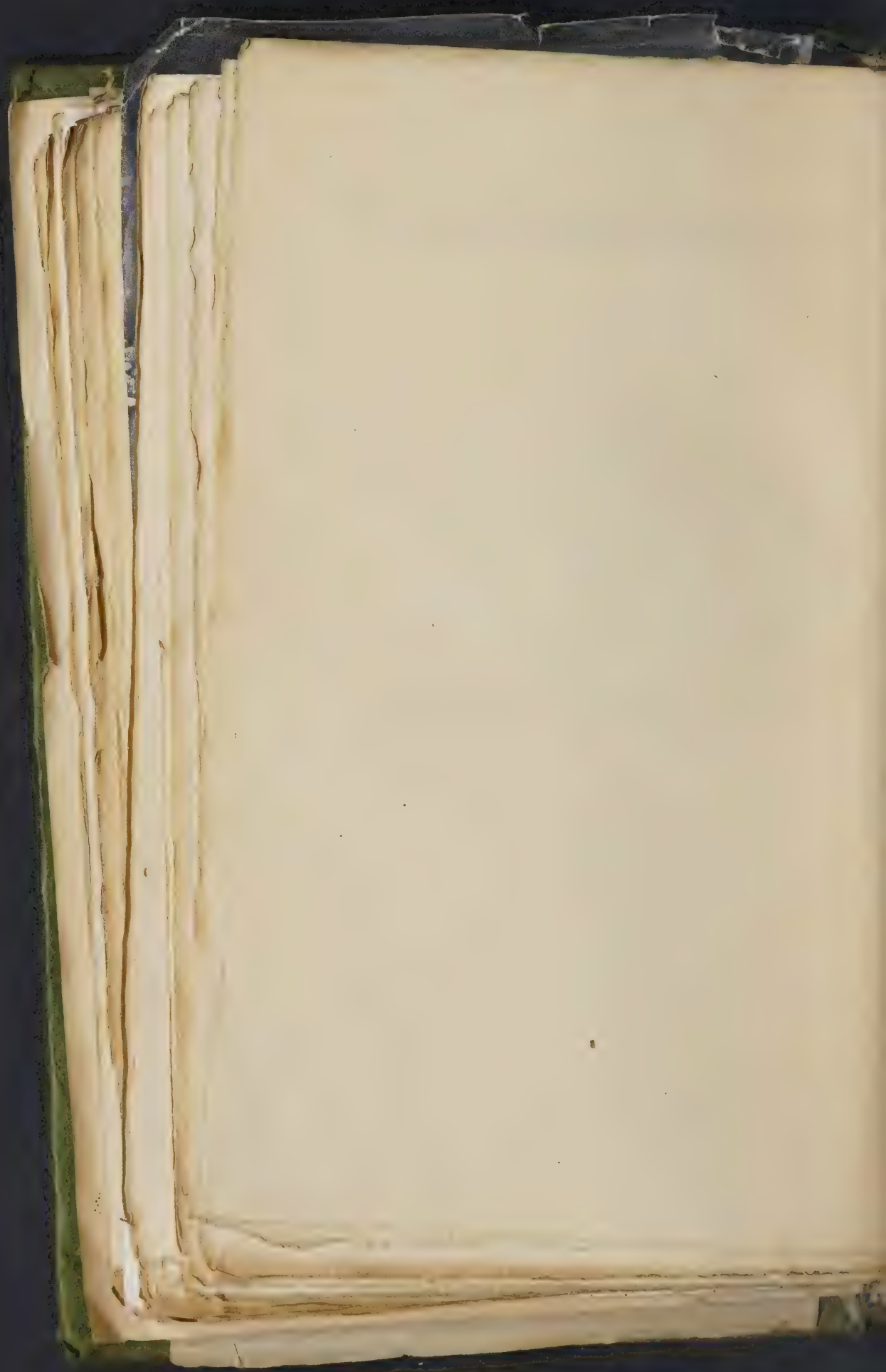
—“ That sturdie son of *Neptune* doth mine humour
“ suite right well :—where’er his streamers flie, they so
“ be-lorde it o’er the element of waters, that not a single
“ *Gallique* barque will he permit to ride in suretie on it !
“ —Roughe as the blowinge tempest of the Northe is he
“ afloate—but when on shore, the milder influences pre-
“ vaile againe, and swaye his minde to calm urbanitie !”

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

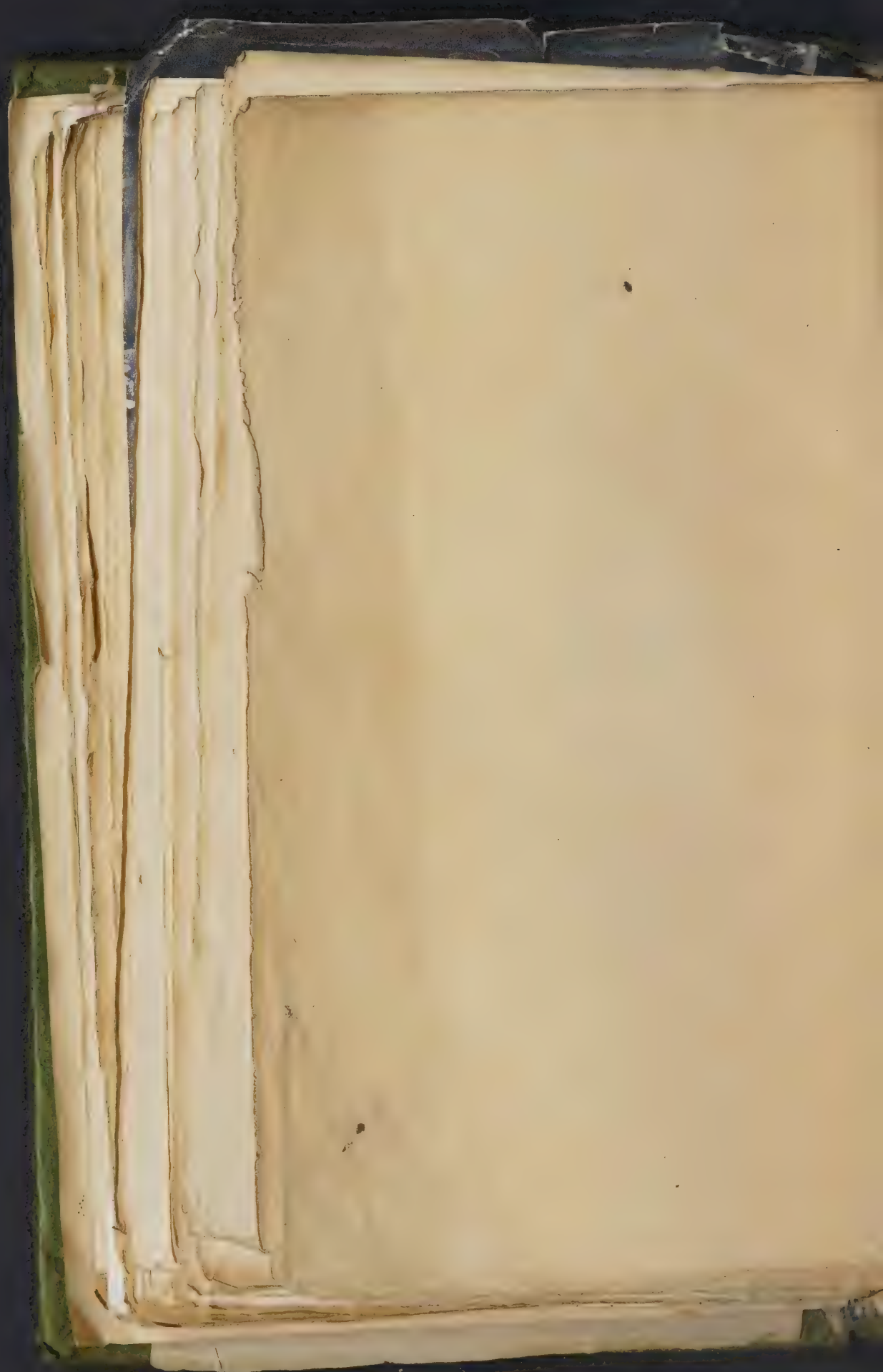
C.—D—fs of D—V—RE.'

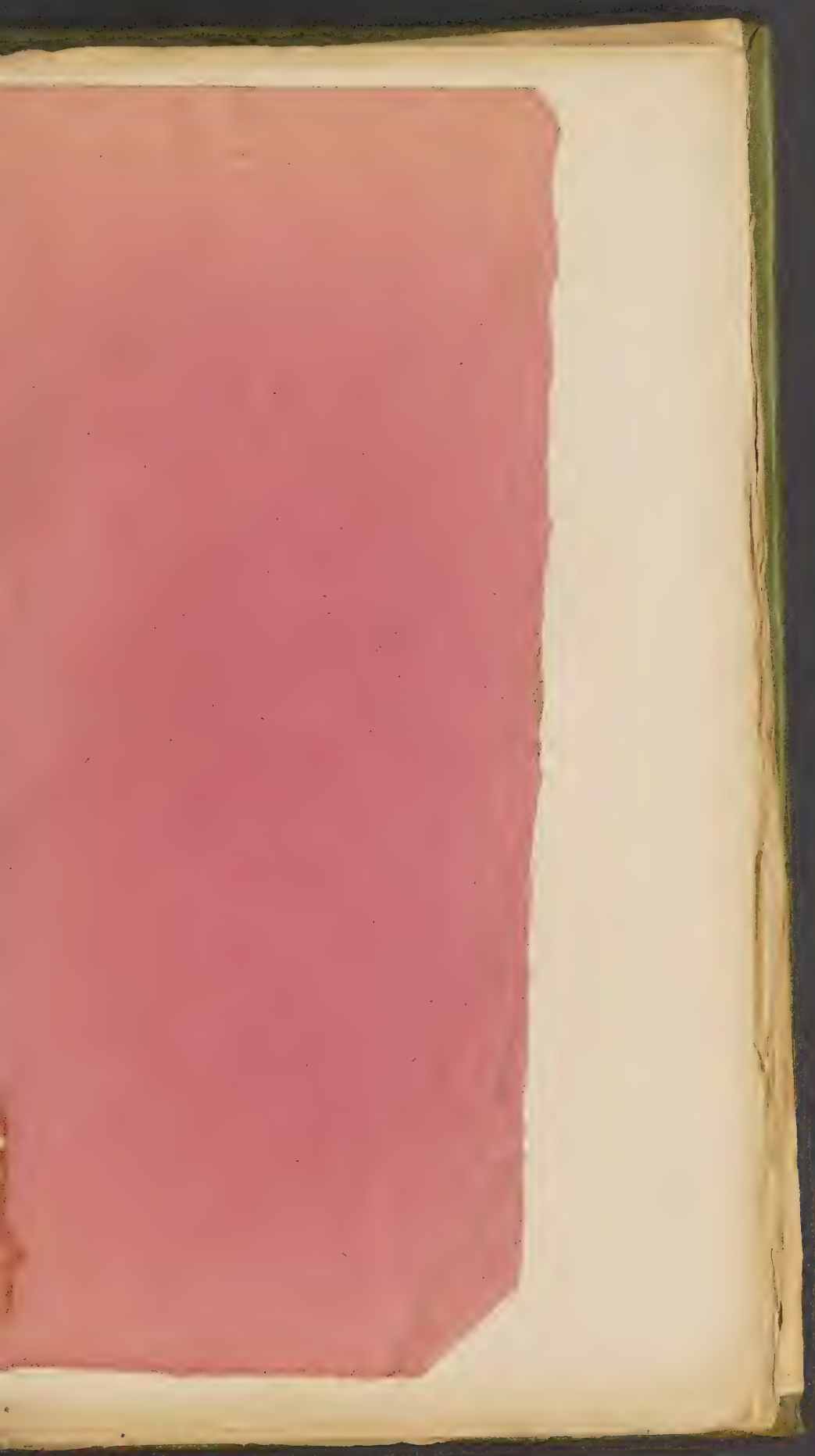
“ Saie, how can earth’s grofs meteors long abide,
“ When heaven’s owne planets topple from their height ?
“ Yon lovelie orbe which nowe is on the wane,
“ And but by shepherdes seene at twilight grey,
“ Was once the morning starre that did arise
“ Most radiantlie be-gemmed ?—A gazing worlde
“ Confest its genial influence around !
“ Wise men did jounie from the Easte to view’t,
“ And bend in humble adoration of its power !
“ But now ’tis falling from its circled heighte,
“ To leave a darken’d void ’mid beautie’s sphere !”

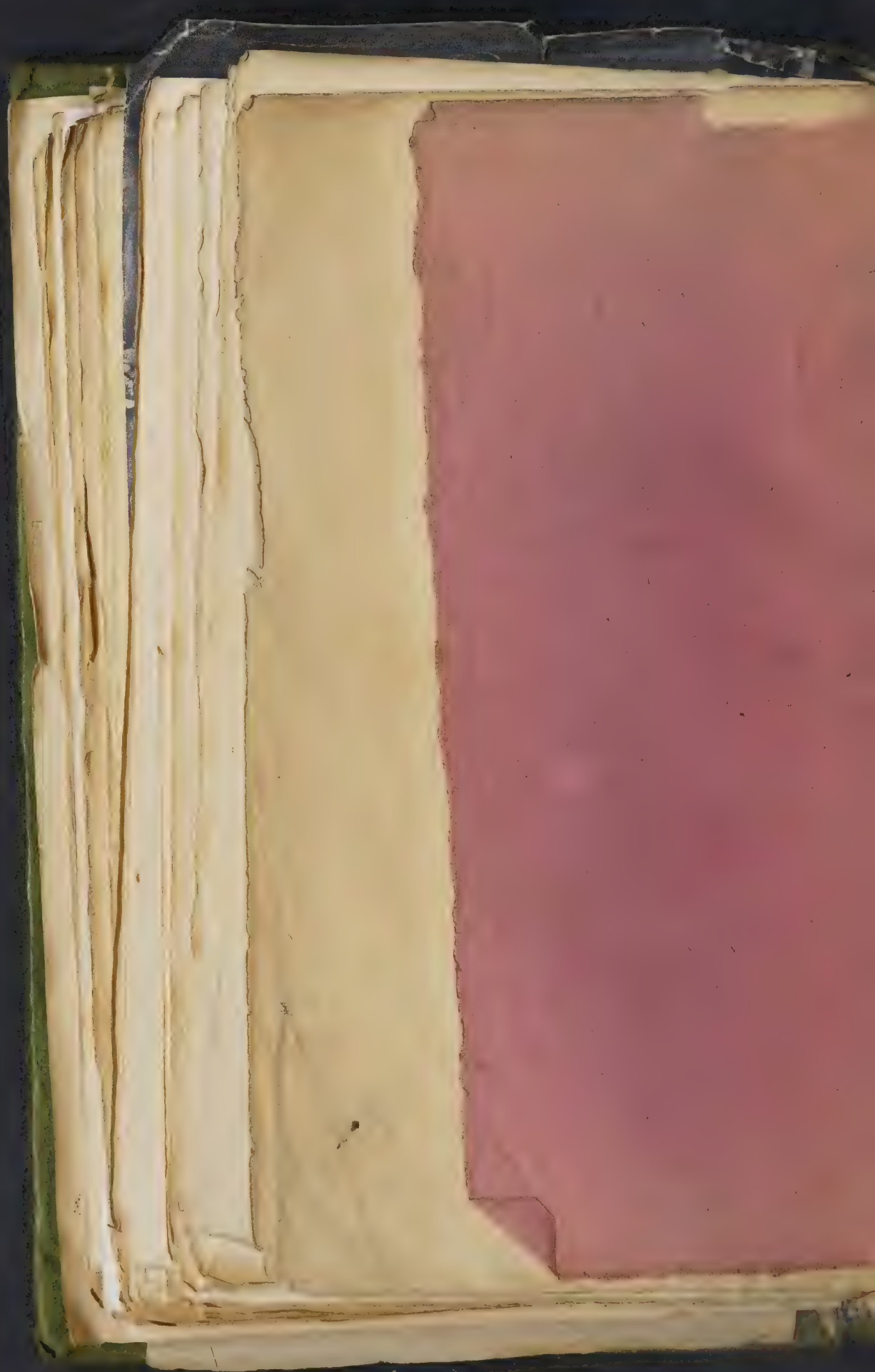
PAGE 221.—GENUINE.

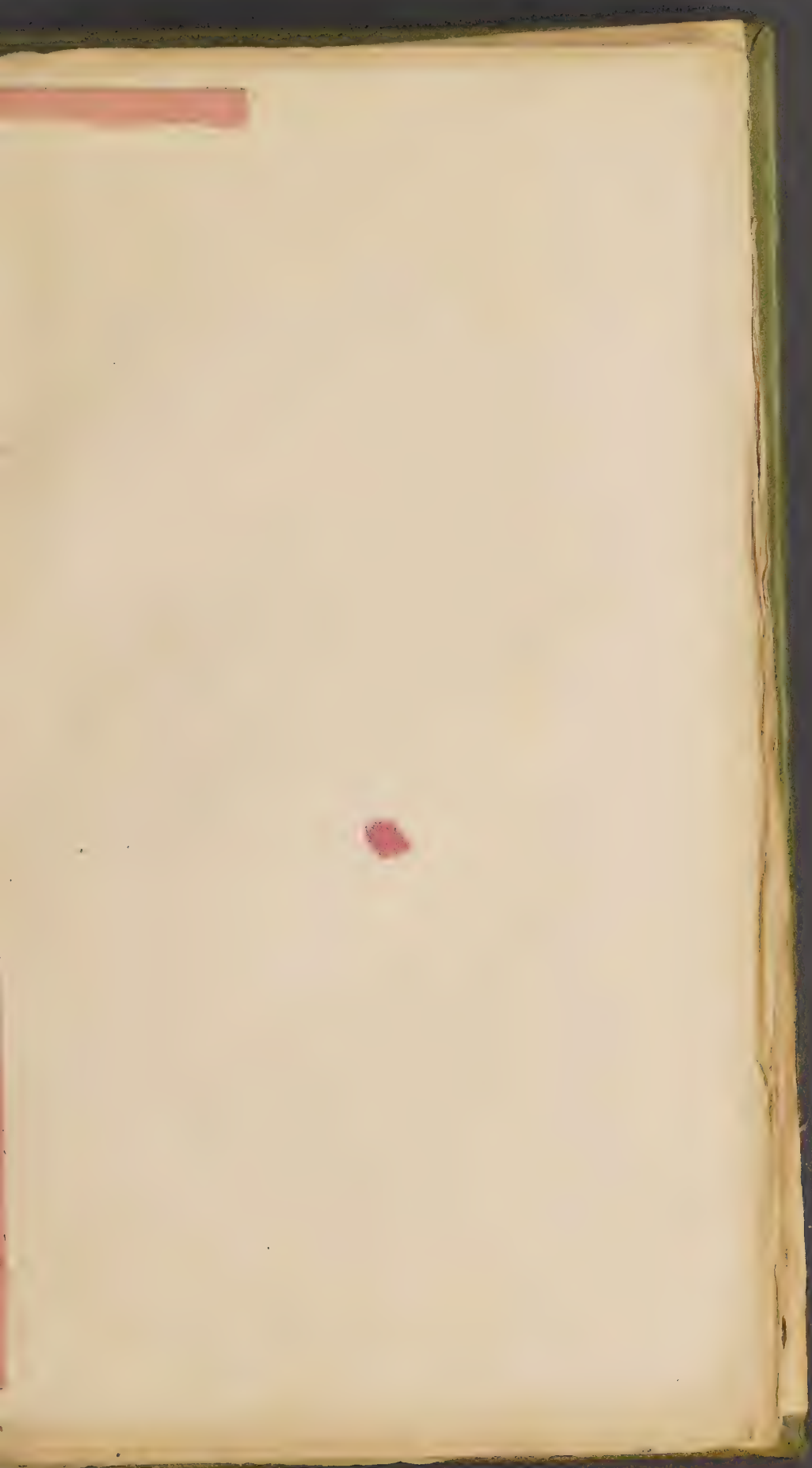


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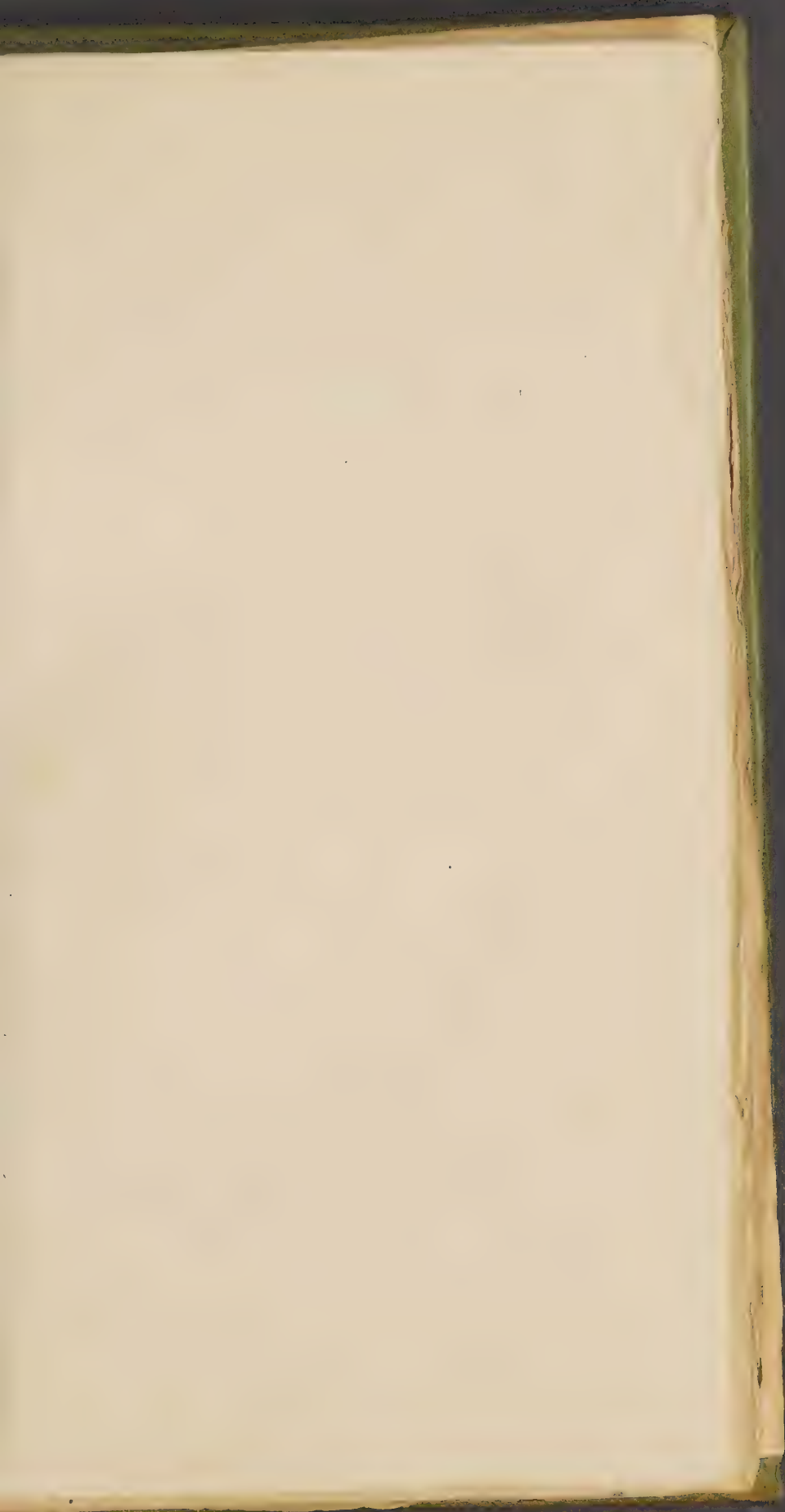


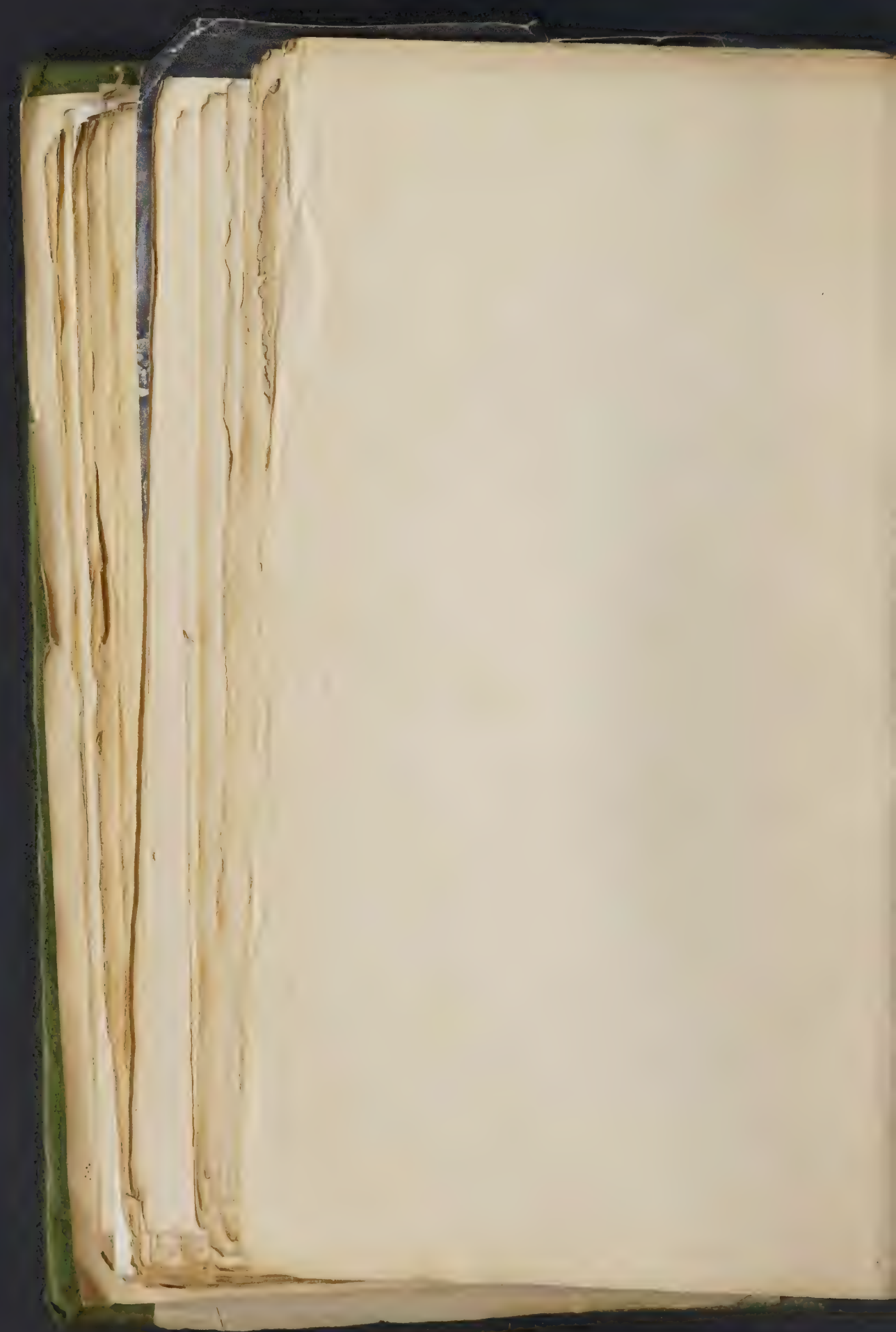


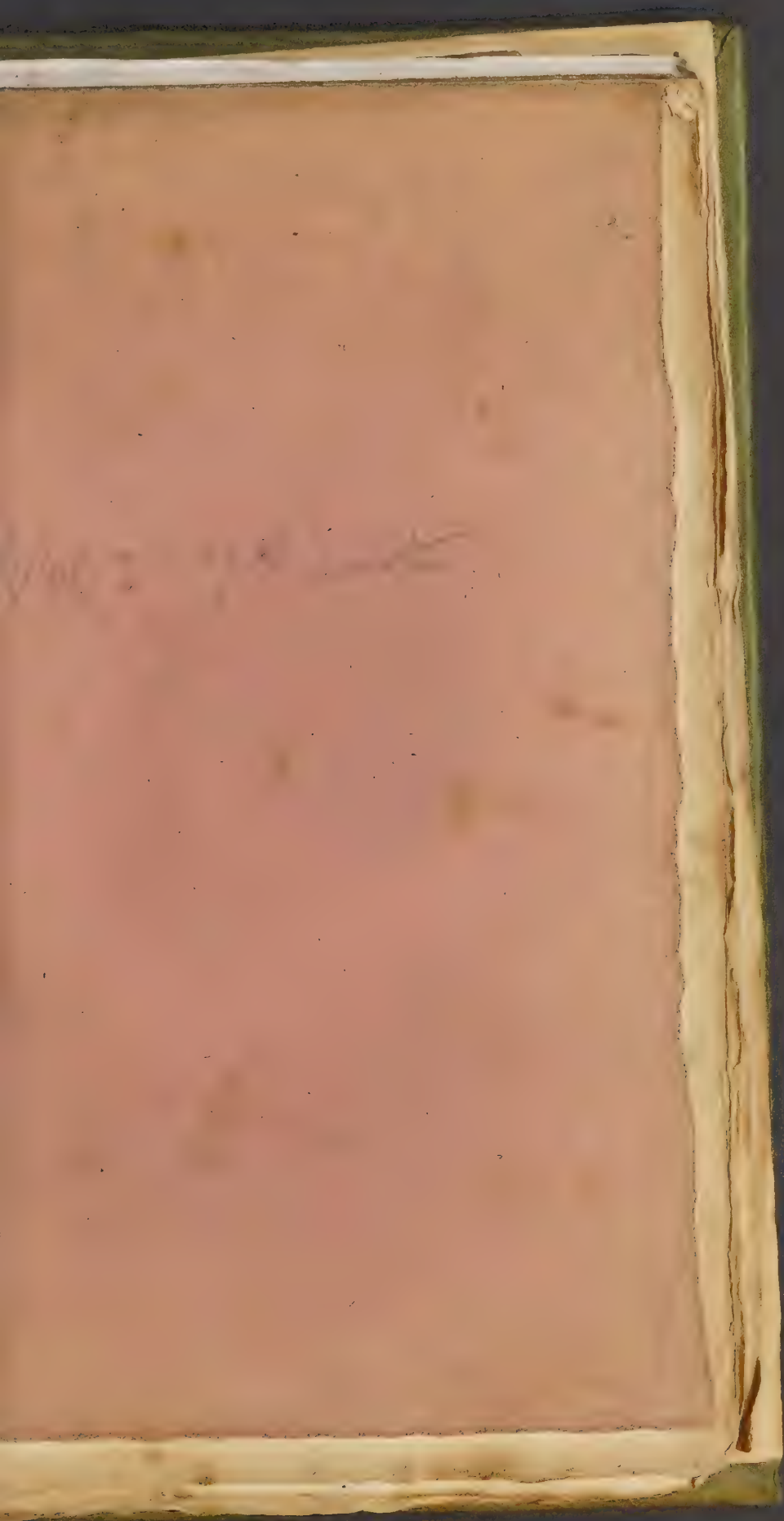


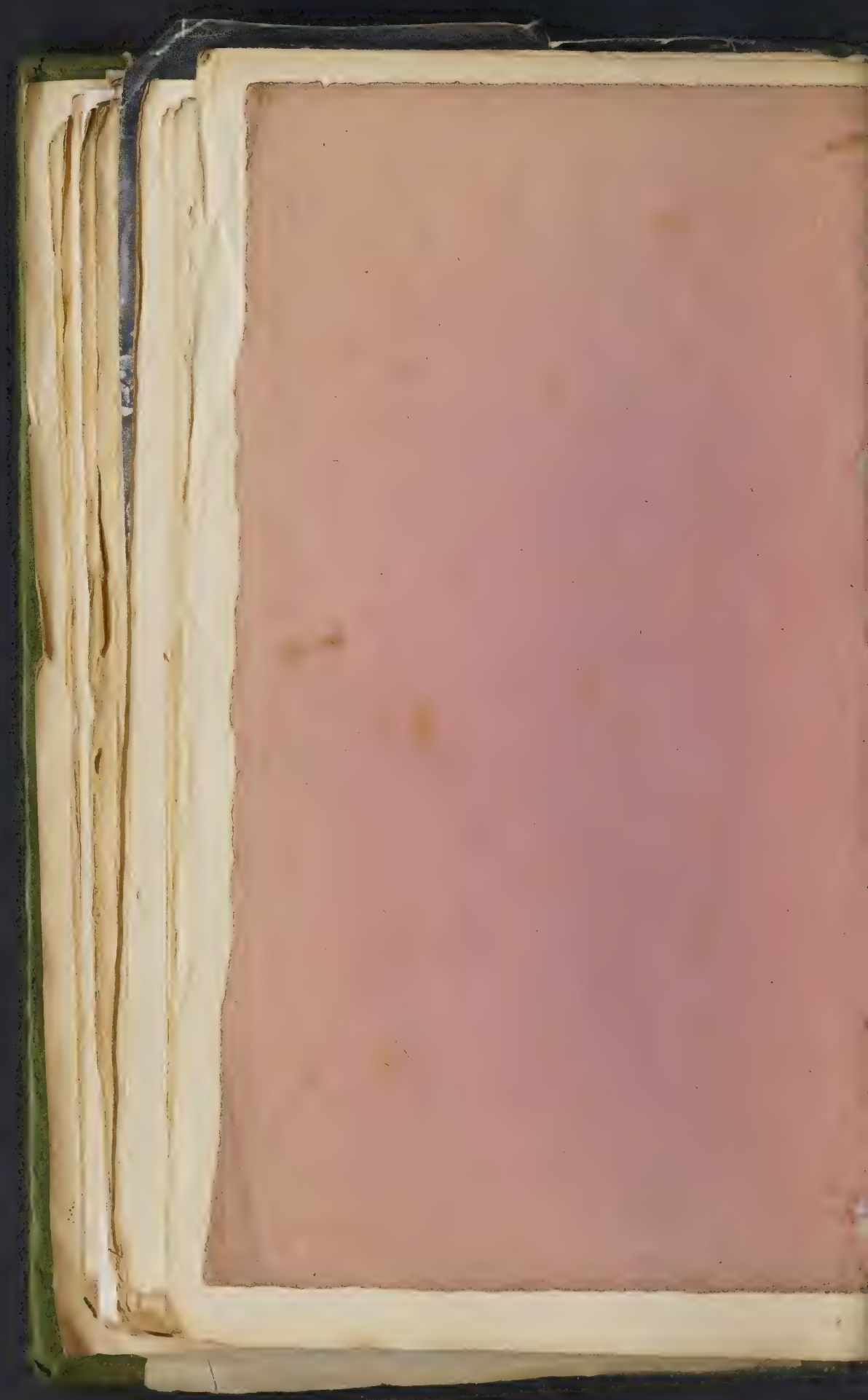












VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

S. GOSNELL, Printer,
Little Compton, R.I.

PASSAGES

SELECTED

BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES,

ON THE

GREAT LITERARY TRIAL

OF

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A Comi-Tragedy.

“WHETHER IT BE—OR BE NOT FROM THE
IMMORTAL PEN OF SHAKSPEARE?”

VOLUME II.

SEVENTH EDITION.

--- “Open me a huge Wardrobe abounding in motlie habittes, and
“marke howe fantasticalle poore mortals will arraie themselves!”
VORT. and ROW.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY,

NO. 170, OPPOSITE OLD BOND STREET, PICCADILLY.

1807.



IRELAND *versus* SHAKESPEAR!!!

By the COURT.

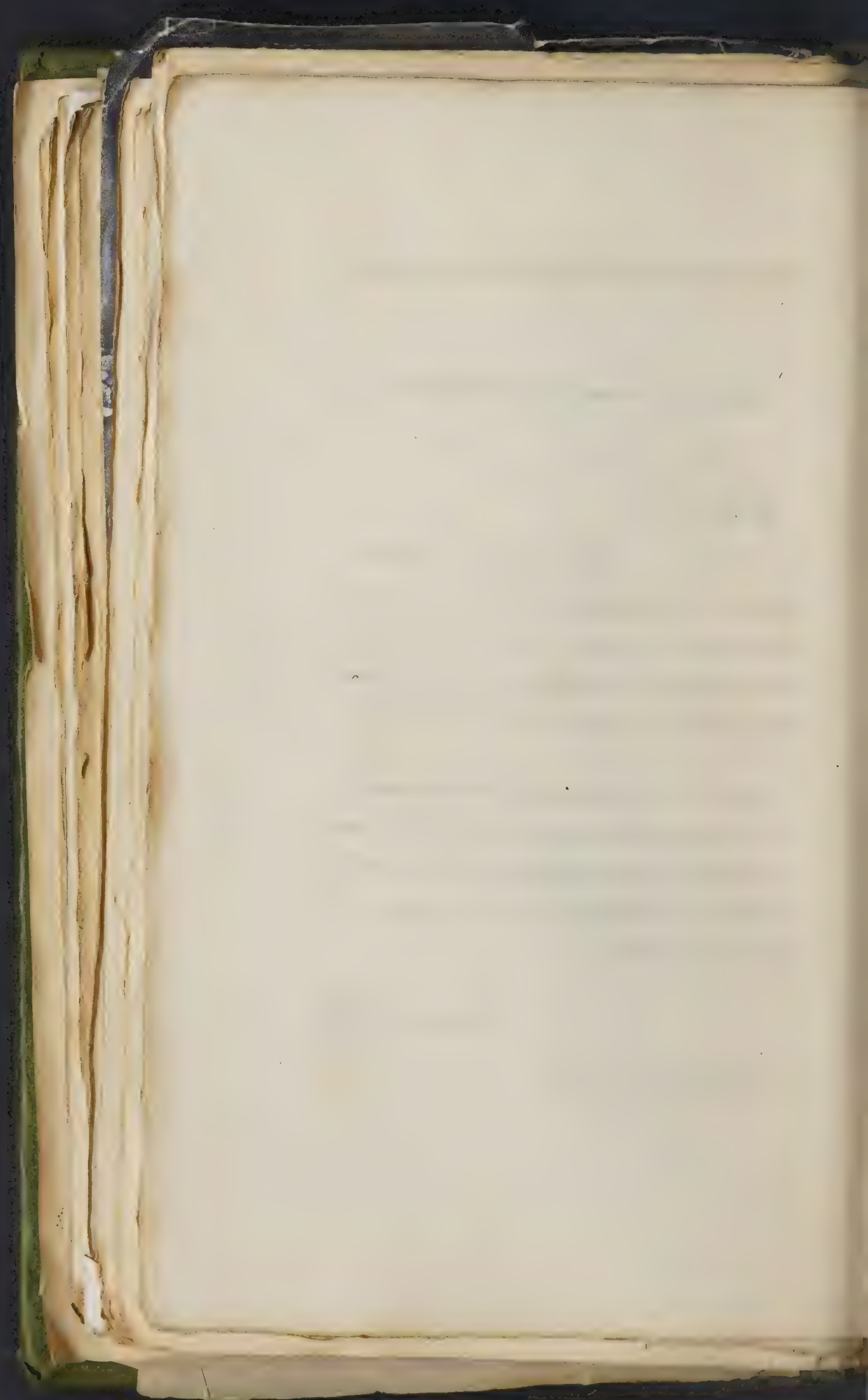
IT having been effectually argued, and demurred on the part of the DEFENDANT, that no questionable points of *Literature*, any more than questionable points of law, can in *equity* be pressed to an hasty decision;

It is Ordered, that the VERDICT be not received, on this important cause, until the whole SUFFRAGES, already tendered, or intended to be tendered, in said cause, be duly received, and solemnly recorded!

POLONIUS



Die Veneris 12^o, 1796.



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PASSAGES

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE
TWENTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CI.—Earl of M—RA.

“ —Commende me to a busie COUNT for a buflinge
“ worlde! One minute will he wooe you gallantlie at a
“ faire Dame's toilette on his humble knee—and flie the
“ next to bende a prouder creste than his owne, in the
“ face of the Lordes Senate-house!—You may always
“ meete SERASKIN at one turn or other of human ex-
“ tremes. He will with zeale overflowinge stop to pleade
“ the cause of the poore captive, while conveying the
“ gauge of honourable defiance to a proude PRINCE in
“ aide of one, whom chaunce has *barred* from *regal blood*!
“ —Fight will he himfelfe most manfullie; but, as you
“ prize ^{the} credit of his valoure, let it be done under his
“ own guidance special.—Punctilious is he as noble; so
“ that he will fence with the Sages of his Sov'raine's
“ Council untill the moone's at the full, upon the fense
“ constructive of their own decrees!—Such outwarde
“ workinges fway this compound man, whose minde
“ within moves but for others goode, which dothe his
“ owne felicitie embrace!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

CII.—Mrs. M—NT—GU.

“ Marry, goode Dame! but you maie well deride the
“ partial boones of Nature, when a left-handed imitation
“ of taste dothe so currentlie counterfeite her handi-
“ workes!—With the redundance of mortal frailties
“ establisth me thy faire fame on matchles fingularity!
“ —Criticiſe where thou can’st not comprehend; and
“ satirize where the weak worlde doth foolishlie admire.
“ —Like the matron of *Mantua*, garter thy partie-co-
“ loured leg below the knee; and mount on the listes
“ of meeke-eyed Charitie, by feedinge with dates and
“ dainties one day in the Kalendar, all the footie race of
“ Chimnie-sweepinge boyes, that they may enjoie the
“ luxurie of their harde fate through the remainder of
“ the yeare!”

PAGE 123.—*Not GENUINE.*

CIII.—Earl of B—LF—ST.

“ Methinks, good STEPHANO, those of my father’s
“ house did take me for a *Bulle* of *Irishe* extraction ; for
“ they set curs to bait *me* into madness, while more
“ tenderlie did they select an ambling *Scotte*, of *Galloways*
“ breed, for the merriment of my junior brother !—But
“ since they drove me to the altar of sacrifice, I did ad-
“ venture to take with me a help-meet, and there, with
“ the aide of pious Priest, I made my maiden * BELLE
“ *faste*, by a knot tied with my tongue, which dothe
“ now challenge all their wise wittes to untie againe
“ with their teethe !”

PAGE 63.—Not GENUINE.

* DR. PARR, whom the fortunate MR. IRELAND has
named EDITOR elect, for this unique Comi-Tragedy,
threw down his pipe, when he came to this miserably begotten
PUN, and owned himself for the moment, a DISSENTER
from the new SHAKSPEREAN faith !

CIV.—C—s of * * * * *

" Why was KARKMENA prodigalie stored
 " With all the wiles which wanton rounde her sexe,
 " But to displate in peering womanhoode
 " Supremacie's fell power? Oh, marke ye well
 " Howe she dothe turne meeke Nature in her course;
 " Make diadems the royal temples chafe;
 " Tie with a busie hande the gordian knotte
 " Of others love, that she (of human woe,
 " Infatiate destinie) may cut in twaine
 " The filken ligatures of mortal blisse!
 " Her features with her voice are well attuned,
 " True to the varyinge mischiefs of her minde!
 " Like the first polish'd *Serpente*, that seduced
 " The easie faithe of ADAM's wedded love,
 " A more than Angel's form she can assume,
 " And woe in seraph straines the creature doom'd
 " To drinke the dulcet poison of her tongue,
 " And fall her 'galled sacrifice!"

PAGE 187.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CV.—Colonel C—WTH—NE. *Lawther*

“ ——Varnishe me double over by a special Courte
“ of Law Martial, or no more weare. I a coate of maile
“ i' the King's tented felde!—I have gone about to indite
“ me a speeche that shall be-puzzle the bie-standers,
“ and confounde the clumfie imagination of mine enemie!
“ —Let him doe now as he list, I may defie his malice
“ to make me more or lesse, than the thinge in veritie I
“ am!—To mine owne bright valoure am I indebted as
“ a man of armes!—I have seene much powder waisted
“ on a fun-thinie day!—thankes to my genius in the arte
“ of war, I am also right conversant i' the quick step
“ to the retreate, and, by an eare refined, I now can nice
“ distinction make, betwixte the “ *Dinner Tattoo*,” and
“ *Go to bed, Tom!*”

PAGE 51.—GENUINE.

CVI.—Lady E—— B—NG—M.

“ Oh fie, my quondam *Coz. of Norfolk* !—Did you not
 “ practise on my girlishie vanitie, when I was depicted
 “ the fair SHEBA to your Grace’s wifer SOLOMON ?—
 “ You told me I was then “ in all my glorie ;” but,
 “ alack, no sooner did they taunte me with the honours
 “ they conferred, than my weake woman’s frailtie rebelled
 “ against the *bloode* of HOWARD’s loftie race !—Why did
 “ I sweare to love the man by others eyes thus chosen ?
 “ —With foules as much at variance as our faithie, what
 “ could I better, than the latter lose, to save the former,
 “ and breake the odious webbe, wherein, like fillie fie,
 “ I was unwittinglie ensnared ?”

PAGE 77.—Not GENUINE.



J. B. 1771

No. 78.

1771

AN, mezzotint, after JOHN

$5\frac{3}{4} \times 18.$) 1798.

£16: 16s.

CVII.—Sir F—— B—LL—R.

“ This trottinge from Courte to Courte, terme after
“ terme, befittes not my humour well !—But since I am
“ sworne an Adminiftrator of the Lawes, I will fee them
“ moft wholesomelie difpenfed to all offendinge crea-
“ tures, male and female !—The knaves incorrigible will
“ I ftringe like ropes of onions ; and to teache conjugal
“ obeifance to womankind, their meafure of chaftifement
“ will I decree to be dealt at their husbandes handes by
“ the *Rule of THUMBE* !”

PAGE 94.—GENUINE.

CVIII.—Lady CAROLINE C—MPB—LL.

“ I did a plaine untitled man espouse,
“ (With wealthe, like his own mountaines high amassed)
“ That I might lead the pliante husbände bounde
“ To vassalage eterne !—To me he lockes
“ With lowlie eye, as to the sacred founte
“ From whence his borrowed lustre is derived.—
“ Whene’er I deign to commune—’tis not oft—
“ His greedie eare mine accents dothe devoure,
“ As falling from anointed dignitie !
“ He, with the prating worlde, presumes to saie,
“ That I am shaped and featured in the moulde
“ Of Grecian loveliness :—but, lineallie trained
“ Above the incense of the lower spheres,
“ See how I soare beyond poor mortals’ praise,
“ In proude supremacie of state !”

PAGE II.—GENUINE.

*appeared in The Morning Herald
June 3rd 1796*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CIX.—Earl of EGR—M—T.

——— “ When they made such *Lordes* as this fame
“ *Compte Hugolio*, they knewe their trade well, and
“ wrought with the best materials!—Marry, Sir, you
“ trace not him through the foiles, and doubles of your
“ Court purlieus, but finde him on his owne domaine,
“ like one who shrinks not at the Shrieve's officer, nor
“ feares the reproaches of a tenantrie tortured upon rack-
“ rentes!—Although the learned languages be as familiar
“ to him as plaine-dealing, he offends no unlettered man
“ with his *ecce homos!* or *tu quoques!*—The felicitie of
“ all Heaven's creatures is his delighte, and the voice of
“ gratitude attends it—even his houndes challenge him
“ at viewe, on the score of his benevolence!—Whatever
“ be the portion of his failings, the frailtie of man's
“ nature will reasonably account for it!”

PAGE 165.—GENUINE.

CX.—Countess of Es——x.

—— “ On her visit to *Algieres*, they did elect her
 “ Empress of the gaudie *Maccaws*!—since which, plumes,
 “ and cheekes of various hues, have mightlie adorned
 “ her!—After this, the doctrines of * *painted paste-boards*
 “ did she studie under the learned *Jewes* in *Palestine*!
 “ strange trickes by slight of hande were then displaied
 “ to those her sifterhoode, who crossed her luckie palme
 “ i’ the fillie hope of bettering their fortunes!—So that
 “ with her Lorde’s *Courte dealinges*, and her own dex-
 “ terous dealinges in * *Courtlie paper*, they turne the worlde
 “ right merrilie around them!”

PAGE 13.—Not GENUINE.

* “ Painted paste-boards”—“ Courtlie paper.”—Mr.
 CAPEL LOFT, *confessedly one of our most old-fashioned*
Critics on the immortal Bard, says decidedly, “ that these
 “ two passages allude to the new art of gambling with
 “ CARDS, which crept into BRITAIN at that period.”—
We are apprehensive, however, that the learned Commentator
has here been guilty of a little anachronism, as CARDS were
certainly invented in the year 1390, to divert the melancholy
of CHARLES VI. then King of France.

CXI.—The Duke of L—ds.

—— “ In good truth he hathe been piouſlie nurtured;
“ for no ſooner did his fainted mother bring him forthe,
“ than falling ſound aſleepe, ſhe dreamed of ſucklinge his
“ infant Grace upon the *milkie way* ! hence of Chriſtian
“ mildneſs doe all his manners gentle ſmack.—And yet
“ he ’ll quarrel not either with a *Grace*, or a *Muſe* of fire;
“ nay, he can whiſper a light thing gallantlie to a female
“ in the darke, and tag a *mendicant Epilogue*, to chaunte
“ an half-damned *Plaie-wrighte* out of the tortures of
“ purgation !”

PAGE 12.—*Not GENUINE.*

CXII.—Lady GR—NV—LE.

“ Though fortune on her lovelie browe hath placed
“ In proudest jewelrie the wreathe of state,
“ Marke with what grace upon her gentle breaste
“ The pearle of Christian charitie appeares,
“ More chafte lie brighte, and radiantlie pure,
“ Than all that Courtlie diadems displaie !”

PAGE 88.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

Upper side of 12th

CXIII.—Sir P—P—R A—D—N.

—“ Marrie, Sir, I picked not up my common lawe as
“ a pigeon dothe his peafe, i’ th’ common felde,—So
“ will I throwe away an opinion haftilie for no man!—
“ As everie cafe in pointe hathe of necessitie two fides,
“ so hathe your *libelle constitutional* its *texte*, and *contexte*;
“ out of which we sometimes make a third—to witte—
“ your *mar-texte*!—But I do demean myfelfe to pailie
“ thus ; becaufe it appertaineth unto me, as Master of
“ the *Rolles* to our trustie Sov’raine Lorde the Kinge,
“ to see that on the proper fide his royal *breade* be
“ gliblie *butter’d* !”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

CXIV.—Mrs. C—P—G—Y.

“ She is as daintie a *wild-duck* as ever haunted the
“ lake of a *decoy*—and, once on winge, arrest her giddie
“ flighte who can ! She hath the witte most wiselie to
“ enacte whatever follie vanitie dothe sette before her ;
“ and a charitie so Christian-like, that she dothe barter
“ fine foode and raiment for the emptie scraps of ped-
“ dling poetasters !—Musique and sarabands doe so in-
“ vite her, that, with her lattice open, she’ll fit through
“ moon-light nights, unmasqued, to hear the straines of
“ amorous ferenaders, and come forthe next morn the
“ *Arch’refs* DIAN, displaieing a leg most continentlie
“ buskined ! Oh, Sir, so rarelie dothe she plaie these
“ prettie pranks, that halfe the gapeinge worlde are
“ cheated in beliefe that they have seen one angel upon
“ earthe *Stark* mad !”

PAGE 29.—Not GENUINE.

manuscript
CXV.—Earl of M————D.

—“ To moulde a sturdie race of mortal men, you
“ must fashion them from materials coarſe and impene-
“ trable!—Let there be none, which the teare of dull-
“ eyed Charitie dothe melt to womanlie compaſſion;—
“ but imitate the Stoique fortitude of him, whoſe breaſte
“ is harder than a ten weekes froſte, and which no human
“ breathe e’er thawed into benevolence!”

PAGE 103.—*Not* GENUINE.

CXVI.—Duchefs of N—W—STLE.

“ Oh, throughout Nature’s workes, what havocke wilde
“ Dothe one dire shafte of destinie ordaine !
“ —If ’twere from fate alone that I had fallen,
“ This breafte had never fwolne with grieve or care ;
“ But I am humbled from the crowned height
“ Of wedded love, and, with my Lorde, have lofte
“ All that a woman’s harte could holde, or prize !”

PAGE 107.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXVII.—Bishop of R———R.

——— “ I mette the prattling ABBOTTE of *Glaston-*
“ *burie*, juft as he had gotten the thorne i' the fleshe by
“ meddling more busilie with the *Larwe* than the *Gof-*
“ *pelle*! and though a preacher of *obedience passive* in
“ other men, he bore the smart of his own sufferings
“ after the manner of the priesthoode—intolerantlie!—
“ He was clothed in *lambe-skin* throughout, signifying,
“ I wotte, that he should become *belle-wether* to the re-
“ verend flocke.—Journieing a little onward, I espied
“ me the counterfeit resemblance of his worshippe,
“ *fagotted* at the public Market Crosse, in full *pontifi-*
“ *calibus*!—Marrie, quoth I, my neighbours, but this
“ looketh like a *burninge shame*, to make ye of such
“ *combustible* HOLINESS, a lighte to lighten the Gen-
“ tiles!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

CXVIII.—Lady MIL—G—N.

“ I praie you, dearest mother, thinke again!
“ You, as the childe of fortune, being 'trothed
“ When the wilde hey-daie of the bloode was paste,
“ Knewe not, from crossinge of a virgin love,
“ A frenzie that no medicine can reache,
“ Save Time's oblivious anodyne; and which
“ Dothe spreade dire chillinges through the veines,
“ To palfie life's enjoyment!”

PAGE 66.—Not GENUINE.

CXIX.—Marquis of L—T—N.

—— “Time’s chroniclers do tell us, that, practising
“on the weaknesse feminine of the Lorde UDROSCO,
“the flie knaves o’ th’ *Courte* cajoled him to holde the
“darkened lanthorne, while they did trie to filche the
“diadem from the browe of their sicke Master. After-
“wards he was so bedazzled by this peeringe of a meteor
“lighte, as to follow it o’er unsounde soile, where in
“bogge and penance dothe he still remaine, far from the
“ray of rising, or of settinge sunne!”

CXX.—Mrs. N——TH.

——— “Saie, who hath seene
“GERSTINA, late from *Mantua* return’d!
“I marvel if her travaile hathe caste off
“The midnight ’witcheries of lustful *plais*,
“Which held her minde by fascination bounde?—
“Or if th’ incautious care of vanitie
“By prudence hathe been wifelie sealed against
“The dulcet poison of a flatterer’s tale?
“Thus error’s wayward pathe may be trod backe,
“And grace attend the foote-steps yet to come!”

PAGE 54.—*Not GENUINE.*

 TWENTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

 CXXI.—Alderman L—SH—N.

—“ More headstrong are these fellowe *Cittes*
 “ of mine, than so manie Spannishe mules unbitted !—
 “ They delighte themselves as muchie in a roasted *Alder-*
 “ *manne* on their hustinges, as a barbicued pigge in the
 “ cramminge ides of November !—And here am I, the
 “ representative sworne of such gluttonizing varlettes ;
 “ compelled to bow to these stockes obeisantlie, or be
 “ dismissed their Senate-service !—make strange speeches
 “ to amuse their wilde-goose fancies !—eate with them
 “ through firelines colde, and pasties hotte !—*nay eate mine*
 “ *own wordes* till they nearlie choake me, and all will
 “ not content them !—A plague on such servitude, saie I,
 “ where our men of *Liverie* doe lorde it o'er their betters,
 “ and keepe their *Civicke* Masters thus at painful watch,
 “ and warde !”

PAGE 76.—Not GENUINE.

CXXII.—Lady JOHN T——D.

——— “ For durance shorte

“ *Astrina's* radiancie was in eclipse,
“ Like the faire plannette of a clouded sphere ;
“ But when her diske unveiled againe its orbe,
“ Forthe shotte its stream of lighte, and purer shone,
“ To everie eye that gazed upon her beautie!”

PAGE 83.—GENUINE.

CXXIII.—PRINCE LASC—3.

—— “Pooh! pooh!—Nature could never
“mean; in wanton mockerie, to stampe me so like
“the thinge in veritie I am not!—Sir, I was smuggled
“from my *cradle royal* in the unfortunate hour of dark-
“nesse.—But, be that as it maie, each line of this faire
“face something *majestique* dothe denote; for women far
“and neare doate fondlie on my *PRINCELIE seeming!*—
“These finde it on my bloominge cheekes!—some in the
“nose of *regal* arche!—and others in each looke, and
“lineament, that marke superior birthe!—nay, there
“are those, who doe discern similitude of our *House* i’ the
“leathern vest that dothe my rear environ!—True it is,
“that all these dignities are but ill provided for by sub-
“ject-like revenues: yet must they be upheld; for
“who, yclep’d the shadowe of a *Prince*, could baselie
“crouch beneath the slender substance of a *Gentle-*
“man?”

PAGE 2.—Not GENUINE.

CXXIV.—Countess of Ex——r.

—— “Alacke! is lordlie grandeur nought
“but this,—to live thus under vaulted roofes, too vaste
“for human wantes, and see poore folke pent up in
“heapes ’neath strawles houseings?—When they did
“tell me I was to be a Ladie noblie happy, I did expecte
“to holde more frequent commune with this worlde’s
“peace; but, well a daie! time past I saw more inno-
“cencie ’mid the lowlie walkinges of my father’s
“sheepe, than now I finde through all the hurley-
“*Burleigh* scenes of proude man’s race!”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

THIRTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXXV.—Duke of GL———R.

“ Lo! there walkes forthe the mildest DUKE in *Milan*!
“ But that I knowe the stuffe of which he's made,
“ One might have fworne it on the crosse
“ The Destinies had tied him to a distaffe!
“ Though he ne'er vaulted on th' embattled plaine,
“ He hathe a foule bestirringe him to armes,
“ Leagued with the social softnesse of a minde
“ That joies in human peace.—No Courte caballes,
“ Nor feudes of mal-contents doe him delighte:
“ So to a PRINCE, thus lifting up the MAN,
“ My harte right willinglie dothe pay obeifance!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CXXVI.—Hon. T. O—SL—W.

——“ I charge you, fellowes, lay not un-
“ courtlie handes on me!—Should you finde me not
“ the softe sleepe sonne of a *Bedchamber* LORDE, tosse
“ me in a Tailor’s blankette!—Though I maie lacke
“ vaste possessions of landes and beeves, I am a huge in-
“ heritor of pride, and that’s enough for me:—so looke
“ too’t—for he must have more follie than doth apper-
“ tain to my share who contends with the first begotten
“ of a race, so riche in ostentation human!”

PAGE 65.—GENUINE.

CXXVII.—Mrs. M—LLS.

———“ And this be a LORDE’s mansion, I’d
“ have you to knowe, that I and mine have beene
“ housed in a better !—We knewe what was what before
“ we did departe from *Merrie Wakefelde* to joine the
“ Londonne Gentry !—My goode man, and it like your
“ Ladieship, was a *clothier*, and so it bechanced that I
“ became so marvelouſlie dressed !—For my parte, I like
“ everie thinge that is goode for the outside, as well as
“ within ; and the best will be the best, after all !—
“ Small as I appeare, and little as your Ladieship maie
“ think it, I am worthe no lesse than ten thousand du-
“ cates, simplie as I stand apparelled before you !”

PAGE 24.—Not GENUINE.

CXXVIII.—Mrs. BR—ST—W.

- “ By whim, or destinie, estrang’d from him
“ Right heritor of all she hathe to give
“ Of well-stored constancie, or wedded love,
“ O! garde her from the wiles which lurke arounde
“ The zone of unprotected womanhoode,
“ And shewe how gracefullie, in modest miene,
“ Maternal habbittes do besitte her sexe.
“ Still soaringe in her sphere, so maie this *Starre*
“ Which from the East hathe made its dazlinge course,
“ Serenelie sette within our westerne clime!”

PAGE 84.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

CXXIX.—THE LORD M—Y—R.

——— “ This *Sir* KNIGHTE that would be, was a
“ thriving baker of unleavened biscuite, and his counte-
“ nance being combustiblie inclined, did take much fire at
“ the mouthe of his own oven!—He banquetted sumptu-
“ ouflie whole troopes of *Courtiers*, in vessels of fretted
“ silver, in honour of his own nativitie, while poore men
“ were crying aloud for bread-corne, which they were
“ forbidden to taste, and therefore lamented the houre
“ they were born!—His fellowe Cittes did proclaim in
“ waggerie that he was himself but slacklie baked; but
“ that heeded he not, while he could contrive to gette a
“ goodlie cutte at the Loafe of State, and thence lay up
“ in store, the crumbes of his owne comforte!”

PAGE 49.—*Not GENUINE.*

CXXX.—Earl of ORF—B.

——— “ Why shoulde they make any one of God’s
“ fraile creatures a mightie man against his wille, when
“ so many packes of hungrie knaves are huntinge nighte
“ and daie for lordlie honoures!—A title is to me no
“ more than a potte of founding mettall is when tied
“ perforce to a poor curre’s taile, and which, with all
“ his mighte, he cannot shuffle off!—I had rather be
“ an indentured binder of bookes, and fliche mine owne
“ workes in humble coveringe of vellum, than the pa-
“ ramount *Duke in Palestyne*, enrobed in golde, and er-
“ mine!”

PAGE 78.—Not GENUINE.

CXXXI.—Lady M—LB—NE.

——— “ I marvelle how the *Lady ELIBERT*, who
“ hathe seen *Time*’s hour-glasse so oft turned o’er, dothe
“ stille maintaine those lookes of lovelinesse without
“ abatement!—One might as soone stand the forked
“ flashes of a fierie skie fans blinkinge, as the autumnal
“ radiance of her eye without thinking of the fruite for-
“ bidden!—If these meteors be permitted to holde so
“ longe a course, what honest man’s harte throughout
“ *Messina* can be helde in reasonable subjection?”

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

To the reader

CXXXII.—Lady BRIDGET T—LL—M—CHE.

“ Armed with the pointed wiles of woman’s witte,
“ Earlie the phantome *Pleasure* I have chaced
“ Through all her anticke roundes ; and if, perchance,
“ The ’witchinge fugitive I did approache,
“ I lack’d the skille her fleetinge course to staie !
“ —The chequered variance of wedded life
“ Nexte ruled this giddie harte of mine, and gave
“ Abundantlie of joie and grieve !—Though laste,
“ Too soone came *Sorrowe*, with a clouded skie,
“ To marke the mother’s melancholie fate,
“ Who on one darlinge blisse had sealed her hope,
“ And, ere it bloomed, behelde it torne away !”

PAGE 56.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

CXXXIII.—Sir JAMES M—— P—LT—Y.

“ Tell me, *Belloſtern*, did I not delineate their militarie
“ exploits on the Continente, with marvellous circum-
“ ſtantiation ? When we were cuſſed like frogges acroſſe
“ the dykes o’ the Low Countries, ſente I not over cou-
“ riers to them of victories atchieved, and i’ the face of
“ the Senate, vouched I not the veritie of mine own
“ Commentaries ?—And howe for all thoſe deedes have
“ they repaide me ? I aſked but to be ennobled after the
“ manner of others of like deferts, when they did re-
“ nounce my fuite who profitted of my ſervice ; ſo that
“ I was compelled to become the founder of mine owne
“ honours, by creating myſelfe a Knighte of the BATHE !”

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

CXXXIV.—Mrs. H—st—gs.

—— “ Marke me that fictionne fretted on the clothe
“ in golde, and priestlie purple! A tale it is in veritie,
“ though here by holie fabuliste proclaimed!—She on the
“ righte, with precious jewelrie bedecked, is the ‘witch-
“ ing *Sheba*, who rose and journied with the Sunne, to
“ visitte *Solomon* in all his glorie!—To winne him o’er
“ to Eastern dalliance, see howe her pliante bodie she
“ dothe bende ev’n to the grounde she sprang from!—
“ and lo! her eyes by baffelisque bequeathed, do rivette
“ on his frame the filke-worme chaine she wroughte for
“ his enthralldomme!”

PAGE 100.—Not GENUINE.

CXXXV.—Alderman B—K W—TS—N.

“ My Warde of * *Coblers*, revengeful of the *fin* I losse,
“ are sworne devourers of the jowles of *Codds*, with
“ shoulders huge ’pertaininge!—These simple knaves of
“ gluttonie, but little wotte that I did tempre the
“ prowlinge *Sharke* to plaie with me i’ the waters, that
“ I mighte learne of him voracious artes aright ;—and
“ howe, like this purveyor of the deepe, to boulte what-
“ ever floated tempting to the eye!—I heede not then the
“ shapeful limbe I losse—for, down the jawe capacious
“ of a *Greenlande Whale* alike the gorged PROPHET
“ would I hoppe, so I might gaine more worldlie wif-
“ dome by the dreade descende!”

PAGE 22.—Not GENUINE.

* If we may credit Mr. IRELAND, his Cousin SHAK-
SPEARE took an aversion to Shoemakers, and therefore he
lets fly this sarcastic arrow at the CIVIC MOTE of CORD-
WAINERS!

CXXXVI.—Mrs. B—RW—L.

————— “ Full well I knowe
“ That men in piece-meales have their hartes composed
“ To feede th’ impassioned appetites they meet ;
“ But saie, shall I discharge my wedded vowe,
“ When with his fraile infirmities I tooke
“ This feeble Lorde of mine, and fondlie swore
“ Even at the altarre’s foote, I would endure them ?
“ Then let not malice multiplie misdeedes
“ To ’tract my aching eye, which faine would turne
“ To gaze on what his virtues do illumine !”

PAGE 134.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CXXXVII.—Princess AMELIA.

——— “The regalle VINE
“ Gives thus her laste faire bloffomme to the sunne,
“ E'en while its honoured branches doe displaie
“ Ripe clusters temptinge to the luscious eye!
“ Paffe chillinge elements serenelie o'er,
“ And leave no pallid blighte with power to tainte
“ Such lovelie promise of autumnal fruite!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

*marked
MacDonald*

CXXXVIII.—Major-General M—c—d.

“ I knowe the savage HUNTER well ; like his owne
“ HOUNDES he dothe himfelfe delighte in *human bloode!*
“ When he let flip his thirstful dogges of warre, he did
“ insultinglie denounce my *northerne* nose as not well-
“ fensed for the fiede! therefore, as village curre, must
“ I pursue, and yelpinge marre the chace I cannot share!”

PAGE 54 —Not GENUINE.

CXXXIX.—Lady D—D—Y and W—D.

—“Touchinge at the famed Island of *Madeira*, the natives did courte her Excellencie to sojourne there, fancying that their vintage might purple more richlie under her roseate influence! On this we gave our canvasse to the windes, left our own *Britain* might itself be spoiled of a countenance, which argufied the better deedes of the *goode creature!*”

PAGE 100.—Not GENUINE.

Whitbread
CXL.—Mr. WH—TE—D, Sen.

——— “ This is he, who dothe an oylye beverage
“ compounde, to cheere the honest vassalles of our isle!
“ Of liquor stoute he hoops ye countlesse caskes ; though
“ he makes no *if*, nor *butte*, in which to bung up his
“ benevolence. He hathe a harte so faire abroache to
“ filent charitie, that never can it reache the lees ;—
“ nay, looke at his verie beastes of burden !—do they not
“ shine out the kindlie semblance of their master's face
“ upon the polished surface of their well-fed skinnes ? ”

PAGE 23.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXLI.—Right Hon. T. H—RL—Y.

“ Well have they stamped VIRGISTERN father of
“ the capitale, whose heade *Dan TIME* has silvered
“ o'er so honourable in their servitude! Unlike the
“ cloudie-witted Cottes his fellowes, he taketh not his
“ sleepe and foode as dull provocatives to eache other's
“ joie; for, his commercial duties done, he hies him to
“ the noble culture of his foile, and thus standes he ad-
“ mired in eache, the civicke championne, and the ruralle
“ Lorde !”

PAGE 38.—GENUINE.

CXLII.—Marchionefs of D—N—G—L.

“ I’d fooner trundle turnippes through the freetes,
“ Than beare menne’s weakneffes at fecond hande
“ Withoute the *Nurfe*’s cordial spice of gaine.
“ She is alone *fleppe-mother*, who o’er-fleppes
“ The punie offspringe of a former race,
“ And bends them to that claffe fubmiffivelie,
“ Where *Follie* lookes to finde her elder-borne!”

PAGE 3.—*Not GENUINE.*

CXLIH.—Mr. M. A. T—L—R.

——— “Trulie I was in lucke’s way in havinge a
“father begotten before me!—yet what in mine infancie
“he did kindlie treasure up, cunninge menne would
“nowe beguile me of in manhoode!—No fooner had
“I ta’en the wrinkles out of these poore varlettes skinnes
“by wholesome provender, than they began to whet
“their wittes upon the coarseneffe of my kitchen diette!
“Marrie, one of their *Stage Punnefters* did aske me, an
“I were not *Bodie TAYLOR* to *ST. MICHAEL* and all his
“ANGELS?—Moreover they did deride the golden archi-
“tecqtur of my Sire, and woulde faine have pulled
“downe with wantonne handes, what he, with *hodde*
“and *trowelle*, did so marveloufflie pile up!—So thought
“I fitte to breake with them, left, by the friendlie pro-
“digalitie of fuch hungrie knaves, I should myfelfe be
“broken!”

PAGE 99.—GENUINE.

CX LIV.—Lady AUGUSTA CL—V—G.

“ Courtes marr’d ROWENA not: though shininge there
“ Preeminentlie graced, she onlie fighed
“ To winne one inmate to her constante harte,
“ And owne him Lorde of all her life to come!
“ Her maiden hope fulfilled, how well she wore
“ The pure, unfullied habitte of a wyfe!
“ Which Nature form’d to fitte so lovelie on her!—
“ Nexte came a motherre’s newe, and deare delightes,
“ When to her younge inherittores she gave
“ All the delicious stores of love twice tolde
“ Which, in careffes from their manlie Sire,
“ She doatinglie had treasured up!”——

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

=====
Rowena
CXLV.—M—q—s of B—K—H—M.

“ Upon the oily surface of this lande
“ Have I so rolled, and hugelie fattened,
“ That my owne ponderous *temples*’gin to ache
“ With the ~~exceedinges~~ of so vaste a surfeite!
“ Nowe with a minde amphibiouslie formed,
“ I pine for other elements, and faine
“ Would swaye a lordlie sceptre o’er the deepe,
“ That in this liquid voide quite uncontrouled,
“ A dreade *Leviathanne* I there might move!”

PAGE 66.—*Not* GENUINE.

Saint Margaret
CXLVI.—Lady E——TH R—CK—TS.

“ I doe remember me, a faire, and noble maiden of
“ *Padua*, so envied for her beautie, that some of her owne
“ sexe did chronicle against her lovelinesse, tideings, false,
“ as they were foule ! but, in good soothe, Justice did
“ amende her damaged fame with so rounde a summe in
“ duckattes, that she was constrained to call a *hus-*
“ *bande* in to counte them !—marry, from hence it wag-
“ gishlie was said, that her Ladieship did drawe her
“ *wedding sheetes* from out the *libertie of our presse* !”

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

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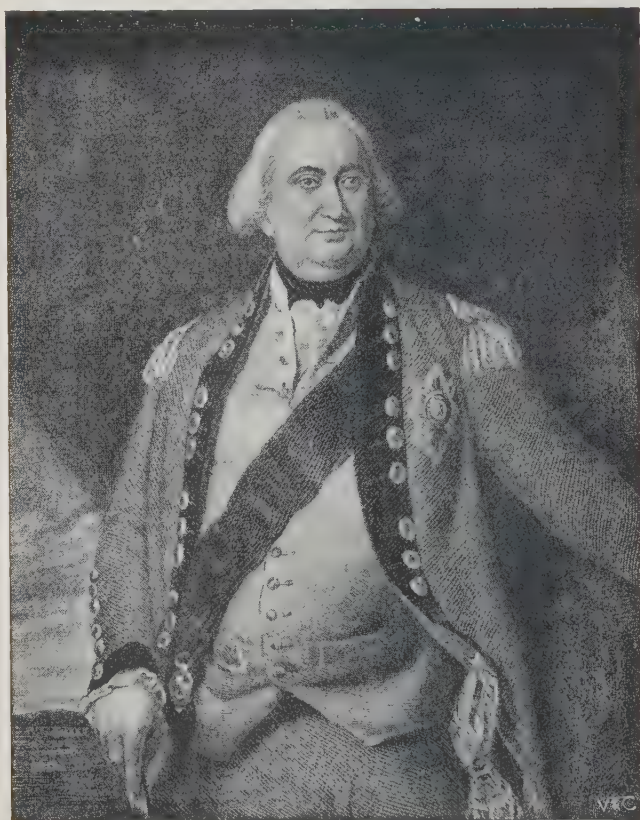
THE WINDSOR J

thirteen years ; and while she was losing her American Colonies, England was thus rapidly enlarging her Indian Possessions. Clive and Hastings had been commoners. Lord Cornwallis, who succeeded, was a great nobleman. But to this day the name of Hastings is remembered among all others in Bengal, and it is perhaps less evidence of his masterfulness and abiding fame to see statues and pictures of him in Calcutta, and to traverse squares and streets there called after the famous

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From a portrait by]

[J. S. Copley, R.A.

THE MARQUESS OF CORNWALLIS.

Governor-General of India, 1786-1793.

CXLVII.—Vice-Admiral C—NW—s.

—— “That same blustering *Ocean*, let me tell you,
“Neighbour, breeds us a few odder monsters, as trouble-
“some as itselfe!—It is an element on which the
“circumnavigators of our Sovereign Lorde doe faile
“too ofte in chace of their owne phantasies! Some,
“like the moodie animals in *Noah’s* daies, you can-
“not drive on boarde their barque with pitch-forkes;
“while others, muleishlie inclined, will hardlie quitte
“the *mountain ARKE* when it be stranded!”

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

CXLVIII.—Lady SM—H B—G—SS.

“ Soone as my husbande’s trafficke i’ th’ EASTE
“ Displaied with gilding raies a rising funne,
“ And bent the worlde’s base worshippers before it,
“ On his new wheele of fortune did I rolle
“ Within the giddie circles of the greate
“ To all mankind’s amazement!—Restless there,
“ I deale my aires fantasticalle rounde,
“ Pledged by insatiate vanitie to prove
“ What golde, with female frontlette unappalled
“ In imitative grandeur may atchieve!”

PAGE 10.—Not GENUINE.

THIRTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXLIX.—Lord M—LD—N.

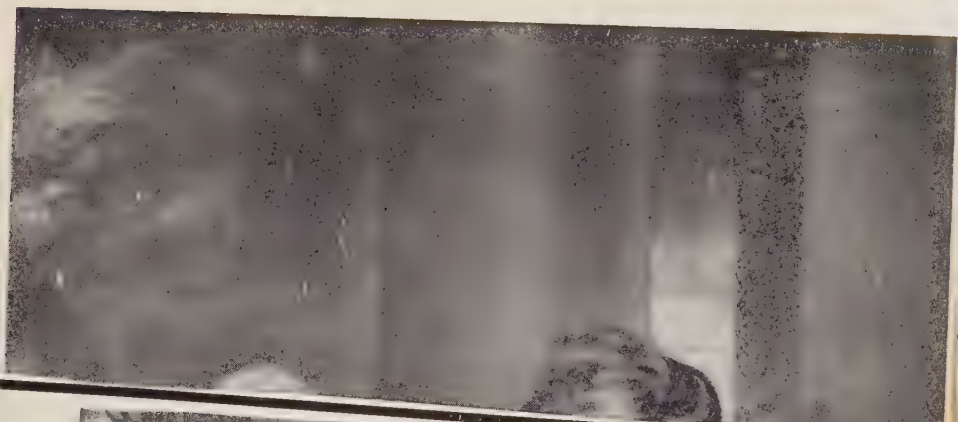
“ In these aristocratic daies, 't is well there be some
“ *littel* LORDES, who can devise the meanes to make
“ themselves *lesse*: such are your fillie knaves, who,
“ setting not their hartes on aught substantial, will bar-
“ ter you the charmes of a delectable mistresse for the
“ more fleetinge semblance of a *Prince's* favour!—These
“ fellowes, without the spirit to protect a woman,
“ will provoke you one of our most puiffante Lordes to
“ fingle combatte, and after all he toucheth not his dou-
“ blette, though it be swollen out as huge as an *Isling-*
“ *towne* haystacke!”

PAGE 3.—GENUINE.

Belief in Hell
CL.—D—fs of M—LB—GH.

- “ Go prate of meeke humilitie to those
“ Whose neckes are form'd to bende beneath her yoke !
“ I have a cresse that gracefullie denotes
“ A high, and loftie minde, which scorns to view
“ Poore vulgar mortals crawling underneath,
“ Those infectes of a lower worlde, ordain'd
“ To be by higher orders trodden down !”

PAGE 100.—Not GENUINE.



DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

atson. See No. 37

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MRS. MATHEW.

MRS. MATHEW. Sir Joshua Reynolds—W. Dickinson. See No. 382.

CLI.—Sir W—TK—N L—W—s.

“ I have kepte my Sabbathes in pottle houfes to a fcur-
“ vie tune, if thefe varlette Citizens, whom I have fo
“ nightliedrenched, do turne their ungrateful tailes upon
“ me, now that my *Welch ale* is upon the lees!—But I
“ will hie me to the lordlie ruler of our ifle, and afke of
“ him, whom I have followed through thicke and thinne,
“ whether my deferts do entitle me to no better fate
“ than to be turned up like a worn-out gander, to flarve
“ upon a common !”

PAGE 73.—*Not GENUINE.*

Handwritten: *Handwritten:*
CLII.—C—fs of CH—M—D—Y.

“Come, cheerlie, sweete Madam, still I saie!
“These truante *Lordes* of ours will have their bente
“Though we our swelling hartes do figh to attomes!
“’Tis not weake woman’s praiers, nor teares will turne
“The losse, and riot course of him she loves,
“Nor breake, alas! the *Circe* spelles of those
“Who doe by blandishments libidinous
“Entice the better parte of us away!”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-SEVENTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLIII.—Sir JOHN H—PSL—Y.

—“ The nurse who first proclaimed my goodlie *nose*
“ must have predicted unwisele, for it has led me
“ on a wrong scent from it's nativitie to the present daie !
“ If men's wives did marvelle in admiration of it in my
“ youthe, their witleffe Lordes were sett upon their guard
“ by this precursor of my approach ! and now 't is
“ dwindled to a gibeing stocke for the honourable *Virgin-*
“ *nes of the Courte* to giggle at !—Since I have commenced
“ Courtlie *Sir*, our witcrackers have cudgelled me with
“ mine own weapons ; nay the *holie Pontiffe's* blessing has
“ availed me nought in the honours it procured, for my
“ constituents have laughed this *bloodie hand* to scorn,
“ because, forsoothe, they found it not *bleede freele* !”

PAGE 63.—Not GENUINE.

CLIV.—Lady H—G—ST—N.

“ Praie thee, offende mine acheing eare no more
“ With fillie praifes of a rural *Springe*;
“ Painte not to me her milke-maides ruddie cheekes,
“ Her bleating flockes—or birdes that tunelesse sing:
“ From theſe my better fate, quick let me flie
“ Into the flattering hauntes of poliſhed men,
“ Where gailie bloome our ſexe’s deare delightes,
“ Which, oft as pluckt, doe inſtant budde anewe!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CLV.—Duke of Q—SB—Y.

“ That can be no other than the *Compte Falsfeinberg*,
“ who still wears the gaie doublette of youthe, for having
“ wrestled so long with Gaffer *Time* without a falle!
“ He hath so befattered the optical nerve of his nether
“ eye, by gazing beautie from it's countenance, that it
“ latelie went out like a small lighte in a strong
“ winde!—Nowe puts he more confidence in *Women*,
“ and but little in *Princes*, thinking hereby to leade a
“ life that is uprighte, and Christian-like! Although
“ infirmities manifolde do besette him, the milke of
“ human kindnesse flows so rounde his weather-beaten
“ harte, that when the ballance of his frail account is
“ strucke, his follies shall weigh but as a feather,
“ light against him!”

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

Taylor

CLVI.—Mrs. M. A. T—YL—R.

“ In holie bandes no sooner was she trothed,
“ Than the gaie flattéring worlde did buzze around
“ Her matchles shape in adoration wilde !
“ Men swore her pictured semblance ill displaied
“ The peering beauties of her lovelie forme ;
“ —That Nature robed in such divinitie
“ No mimicke artifice could ever trace !
“ These tales with calme indifference she heard,
“ Nor deign’d to give one softe approving glance
“ For all this prodigalitie of praise!
“ Thus *mightie* prov’d ROWENA’s wedded love,
“ To garde the honour of her *littel* Lorde !”

PAGE 243.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLVII.—The P—— of ——.

“ If I'm apparent heire to sov'raigne power,
“ Why not my lordlie wille ride paramounte
“ O'er all the narrowe limmittes of men's mindes?
“ Oweing to nought obedience, who, like me,
“ Can *woman's* shiftinge weaknesse controule—
“ To fonde allegiance bende her yielding harte,
“ In adoration, or in feare?—From her
“ Let tribute first in *love* be duliae paid,
“ A fruitful homage nexte, in fighes, and teares!”

PAGE I.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLVIII.—Mrs. ST—T.

“ Goe, *Gertrude*, and informe my Lorde the Kynge’s
“ Chiefe Justice, that though a weake, and fillie woman,
“ I doe defie the power of his denunciations legal!—Tell
“ him to boote, that, malgre his *bar*-points, I must have
“ nightlie a *cocke* on my *carde*, though I do pennance for
“ it by forfeiture of goodes, and chattalles! If his Lord-
“ ship dothe saie trulie that I have lost the sence of shame,
“ I can looke for it through any wooden * *telle*scope in
“ the face of the worlde, without further expenditure of
“ blufhinge!”

PAGE 31.—GENUINE.

* *Mr. STEEVENS* says, *this was an instrument called by the Saxons a Pillorie; intended both for corporal punishment, and mental shame.*

CLIX.—Admiral Sir A—— G—RD——R.

——— “Avaft, all handes!—I had rather repaffe the
“ fire of the enemie’s *line*, than be thus run *athwart*
“ *hauf*er by thofe *land-lubbers* in the *choppes* of the
“ *channelle*!—A longe watche in fo fhort a fea, belikes
“ me not! After bluffinge it to *windwarde* fifteen daies,
“ on the 13th P. M. we came to *rough anchorage* in the
“ *frait*es of *Convente-Gardenne*, where we might have
“ rode out the remainder of the gale; but feeing the
“ COMMODORE rowe his *jollie boate* fo right a heade, we
“ doused our *top-gallant fail* to him, and finding our-
“ felves drifting hard upon the *black buoy* on the *flattes*,
“ piped all handes, to *cutte and run*!”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

CLX.—Lady M—N—RS.

“ Why seeke ye, Sirs, the milde *Rowena* here?
“ With the firste smile of opening morne she 'peared,
“ And hied her forth to visitte *Dian's* temple!
“ There forms she wreathes of flowrettes chastelie culled
“ From flowinge numbers of her plaintive muse,
“ Sweetlie to decke faire *Fancie's* hallowed shrine!”

PAGE 234.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXI.—Earl of C—v—y.

———“ I doe still prefer the rogueish twinkeling of an
“ hazel eye, to any other constellation; and yet the
“ spiteful jades reporte I am grown olde, and ebbing
“ faste to dotage! Marry but it likes me not to fall
“ into the *vale of yeares*, because possession there is at
“ the will of another *Lorde*, and deathe the fine cer-
“ tain for the fee-simple of a sinful life!—Were I not
“ to encounter in the other worlde, *wives*, and *doxies*
“ who have paid the debt of nature's frailties half a
“ centurie before me, I might not heede this journie-
“ ing hence; but to be clapper-clawed bothe here,
“ and hereafter, is a pennance too harde for any mortal
“ finning!”

PAGE 49.—GENUINE.

CLXII.—Mifs SN—W.

“ That faire embodied masse is one of the mountain
“ *Appenines*, for ever capt with *Snowe* ! Whene’er the
“ Sunne dothe woo her with his smiles right lustilie,
“ charmed with his warme embrace, she melting yielde
“ unto his wille, and then poures forthe a genial current
“ to the worlde belowe !”

PAGE 86.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLXIII.—Mr. BR—D—L.

“ I knewe that whimfical Sir *Hugo* well, who waged
“ knighte-errantrie againft his own sweete peace! In
“ a funne-shinie day, one might see him, like an arrant
“ schoole-boy, making duckes and drakes with the fleet-
“ inge comfortes of human life! At other times would he
“ stand flip-shod at his lattice, to kicke the purest bleff-
“ inges from his thretholde! With so unreasonable an
“ care for *musique* was he born, that he would forsake
“ all the harmonies of his owne hougholde, only to carry
“ the cracked lute of a lewd minstrel, from *Padua* to
“ *Verona* !”

PAGE 39.—GENUINE.

CLXIV.—Lady ANN L—MB—N.

———“ Lowe on my bended knees I praie you pause,
“ And viewe the dreadful precipice you neare
“ With steppes unhallowed! Quick’ie tread them back,
“ And *Time* oblivious soone shall raze them out.
“ No longer let the proude, and parent source
“ Attainte the leffer vessels of your bloode,
“ To pour dishonour foule on all our race!”

PAGE 104.—GENUINE.

FORTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXV.—Sir G. P. T.—R.

“ Which meddling *Sir* among you, can fathome the
“ minde of a greate man by the shallownesse of his everie
“ daie understanding?—As to mine own selfe, let my
“ deedes challenge their paramount desertes: am I not
“ political, comical, scientificall, pragmaticall, naie per-
“ chance poetical, according to the quarterly variations of
“ *St. Dunstan's* chimes?—In the Senate, I doe speake mar-
“ vellouslie without booke; and, returning home, can,
“ upon a pinche, threade a needle for a faire sempstresse,
“ though I doe pricke my littel finger in the atchieve-
“ mente!—In a worde, I emploie the passing houres more
“ in wisdom and sound discretion, than any other of our
“ mottlie Squires to be met with in *Salamanca*!”

PAGE 24.—GENUINE.

CLXVI.—Countess of G—F—D.

“ Come, come, *Blanche*, on the worlde let us sette its
“ proper value!—’tis this same wealthe dothe yelde to us
“ women, all that our little hartes so fobbe; and fighe for.
“ Marry, I tell thee, Girl, that *monie* is a *matche* as well as
“ *mischiefe*-maker; for though it sett half mankind at
“ loggerheades, it sweetlie bindes the better parte in *golden-*
“ *bondage*!—Had my Lorde been even blinde to my at-
“ tractions personal, (which Heaven forbade), he had witte
“ enough at will to spie endowments in me, which out-
“ live the short heighos of a bridal honie-moone!”

PAGE 186.—Not GENUINE.

CLXVII.—Lord D—L—V—L.

“ A plague on these female musquitoes !—why do they
“ keep buzzing about the fraile parte of man, after he is
“ paste flie-blowing?—The jades know my weaknesse,
“ and practise lasciviouslie upon it: and yet the lees of life
“ are sweetened only by their cajoleries!—Men, it seems,
“ have different tastes and palates ; for mine own parte,
“ I am for plaine sauce to my pickled gurnette! give me
“ but a fine wenche and a fiddle, and consign all the
“ witchinge *whoredoms* of BABYLON to my Lordes the
“ Bench of B——s!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CLXVIII. — Miss K—P—L.

“ How it has chanced, that loftie *Areftine*
“ Her colde and virgin courfe fo long hath helde,
“ None truly can devise. With airie pride
“ Her wilde and light-hued trefles ftill do flowe
“ In plaigful luxurie adown her necke,
“ Enticing everie eye to wanton thither!
“ Surelie a creature formed and featured thus,
“ Should be enforced to leave the common-weale
“ Some little femblance of her lovelie felfe!
“ Yet is her harte fo icicled around,
“ That not the wooing breathe of all her flaves
“ Can thawe one frozen fighe, or grace her cheek
“ With one foft fmile which *Love* might call his owne!”

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXIX.—Bishop of B———R.

——— “ Pshawe! my good Lorde of *Canterburie*!
“ nowe are you grown more meeke, than trulie sapient.
“ If, for a little manual *batterie* in defence of our Holie
“ *Churche*, they be suffered to *assault* me legallie—’t is
“ well!—By St. Paule, I stretched out mine arme of
“ fleshe but to subdue the wratheful spirit of the sinful
“ man. In veritie he did refuse salvation in mine own
“ way, that I might humble him to the grounde, and
“ thus from eternal bondage save him! Should they
“ still squib their pop-gun quidlibets at *nisi prius*—appeal-
“ ing to our *Alma Mater*, I must bring her *Cannon Lawes*
“ in my defence:—nay, and they more enchafe my mitred
“ browes, *malgre* my wife’s salt teares, by the masse,
“ as *Abbotte* of BANGOR, but I will lay right lustilie
“ about me!”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

Willingly of Liberty

CLXX.—Lady W—L—CH—Y of E—BY.

- “ Sir, as in infant honours you are dressed,
 “ And that by mine owne hande, I pray you keepe
 “ Your name, and new-coined title, far aloofe
 “ From my long-blazoned fame!—Goe, prouddie gaze
 “ Upon your unsoiled *pattente*, cheaplie earned,
 “ And leave to me, your dignifieing wife,
 “ The thornie traverses to higher grandeur!
 “ Mine be the politie to move between
 “ The love and hatred of a *royal pair*,
 “ And manage well their courtlie discontents.—
 “ With these, I charge you, intermeddle not,
 “ Left I, who out of nothings made a *Lorde*,
 “ His Lordshippe may annihilate againe!”

PAGE 34.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXI.—Sir G—DF—Y W———R.

———“ And you should see Sir *Godbolde's* pette
“ *Erwe* passe the mountaine, doe his Worshippe a goode
“ turne, honest shepherde, and make reporte of her right
“ speedilie!—The poore *Knight* hathé lamentable lost
“ in her, four quarters of as prettie muttone as ever
“ sheepishlie looked *tuppe* i' th' face!—We doe marvel
“ what the murrain could aile her, unless she was
“ stricken with the *gad-flie*, and argyle on our *Southerne*
“ *Downes*, could not decentlie contain herself!—Marry, I
“ doe fear at best she will return to us too full of unlaw-
“ ful lambe, to be fit foode for any but FOXES to de-
“ voure!”

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

CLXXII.—Hon. Miss R——.

“ Where hides the fell despoiler now his heade,
“ On which the laurelles of licentious love
“ Too longe have bloomed?—Base counterfeite of man;
“ Saie, could thy luring harte no warfare wage
“ But 'gainst the virginne weaknesse of our sexe?
“ False to thy vows in earlie wedlocke made,
“ What from thy ripen'd perjuries could growe
“ But blighted fruite our penitence to feede!
“ Goe, monster, baselie destined to transforme
“ A maiden's sighs to imprecations wilde;
“ Thy hauntes her ceaseles curses shall pervade,
“ To tell thee what to villainy she owes!”

PAGE 11.—Not GENUINE.

FORTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXIII.—Earl of ER——E.

“ As you are more sharpe-witted than myselfe, I do
“ subscribe most voluntarilie to your opinion :—so thus
“ it simplie standes :—‘ by foregoing my title, I am the
“ more entitled to be a Gentleman than when I was a
“ Lorde ;’—for fay you trulie, that *Gentlemen* were made
“ ere *Lordes* were created, or begotten ; ergo, Lordships
“ were fabricated but to make new-fangled Gentry,
“ which we, of *original* stocke, stand not in neede of. In
“ veritie then it is a problem most cleare, that I do think
“ it long till I am beridden of my Lordlie title, and be-
“ come the *prettie kinde of Gentleman* that you do de-
“ voutlie wish to see me !”

PAGE 113.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXIV.—Lady A——KL——D.

“Goe,—from *Asterna's* perfect model forme
“Your patterned mothers to adorne the lande!
“By travaile oft endured, and hopes renewed,
“Her duties are so graven on her harte,
“That no alluring blandishments of Courtes
“From her parental course can now seduce her!”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CLXXV.—Rev. Dr. R—ND—PH.

——“ Looke ye, Sirs! as a man of holie life and conversation, I doe expecte to be entreated with all priestlie reverence!—I’ll take the finnes of no *fraile fleshe* in christendom more than what I bear alreadie.—I delivered the *pacquet royalle* with my own handes, and sawe it booked, ‘by the whole dutie of manne!’—Touchinge the *Golden Coinage* of our Sov’rain Liege, I know nought— for by the masse if it did journie with me it chinked not! That I placed this *pacquet* in the right roade to salvation, is true as lighte! let those who did pervert it to purposes of darknes therefore be responsible.—If the worlde, putting ‘*faithe in my goode workes*,’ do believe me, ‘well!’—if not, I pleade my *benefitte of Clergy*!”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

CLXXVI.—M—n—fs of St—r—D.

“ Oh, she that bare her did I knowe right well!—
“ When destined to depart our happie isle,
“ In teares she left it for a foreigne shore,
“ Though on its beache a *princelie lover* stoode!
“ Harde now, that fate should blightinglie pursue
“ Her fairest offspringe, hither driven o’er
“ To cull upon her mother’s native soile
“ Some of those blessinges which she lefte behind!
“ Boldlie I’ll stand beside her innocence,
“ Though all the browes of power doe frown upon me!”

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

FORTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXVII.—Marquis of B—TH.

“ Slave ! bring me another stoope of *Canarie*, and then
“ leave me to my lucubrations !—In taking offe all my
“ bon companions, Dame *Fate* hathe rather run me
“ harde ; for nowe am I doom’d, bottle after bottle, to re-
“ count my los of those who popped off before me, like
“ decayed cokes from wine upon the frette !—So here
“ incessantlie fit I, to drink a *requiem* to their jollie
“ foules !”

PAGE 13.—GENUINE.

CLXXVIII.—Hon. Mrs. B—V—RIE.

—— “ Oh! she hathe an unconquerable spirit in
“ matters of public concerne; and so zealous for the
“ well doinge of the *common weale*, that she kicked her
“ tailor down staires, onlie, forfoothe, because he had
“ made a costlie robe of state for the Queene’s Majestie,
“ when she looked to be sole *Regent* of the *People*!”

PAGE 103.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXIX.—Duke of M—NCH—R.

“ I viewed him on the margin of the *Thames*, plying
“ a pair of oares, as if he had to earn a scantie liveli-
“ hoode by buffeting the foamie tide!—Whether his
“ Grace will thus bequalifie himself the better for affaires
“ of state, I wotte not; but, *certes*, he must be well
“ prepared for the worste of times; because, by the
“ dexterous use of his *scull*, he maie contrive at least to
“ keepe his owne *heade* above the water!”

PAGE 72.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXX.—Princess S—PH—A of GL———R.

—— “ Well might one envie those
“ Within the confine of some lowlie vale,
“ Who passe their fleeting lives as nature willes,
“ In all the purities of faithful love !
“ My sickening harte for these would gladlie yelde
“ The titled trappings which so much disguise
“ Whate’er simplicitie maie challenge in me !”

PAGE 206.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXXI.—Sir WILLIAM G—RY.

——“ To the SULTAN's prime *Mufti* am I indebted
“ for mine election, who deigned to choofe me publicke
“ spendthrift of mine own privie purse for the benefitte
“ of the State! The nexte honour I do looke for, is a
“ permission, under his Highness's hande and seale, to
“ builde an hospitalle for *courtlie lunatiques*, and to be
“ named sole Governor thereof myfelfe, at special times,
“ whene'er the moone be at her fulle!”

PAGE 54 — GENUINE

CLXXXII.—Hon. Mrs. N—TH.

——“ Oh ! there is a giddie worme within this un-
“ fubdued fleshe of mine, that will not die, and which,
“ neither travelle, nor the arte spirituelle of my *mitred*
“ LORDE can ever sette at reste ! ”—

PAGE 16.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLXXXIII.—Hon. Capt. GEORGE B—KL—Y.

“ The faulte must lie at his own doore, if a warfareing
“ man be not accounted valorous in the world’s weake
“ judgement at the least!—Why hathe he the gifte of
“ tongue, but to promulgate deedes, which did not reach
“ the eyes of ordinarie observers?—Marry, to make *Fame’s*
“ records surer on your side, call forthe the *Limner’s*
“ arte, which dothe bepaint right lustilie beyond the
“ life, and he will so beblazon fiction’s feates to after-
“ times, that they shall long survive the short-lived va-
“ loure of your fighting Sirs!”—

PAGE 10.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXXIV.—Duchefs of N—TH—D—D.

“ Well maie *Northumbria*’s race in foothe be proude
“ Of this puiffante partner of their Chiefe!
“ Whate’er in mortal dignitie there be,
“ *Sans* question it adornes her lovelie browe,
“ Befuiting well the diadem ſhe weares.
“ But high o’er this ſo gracefullie doe peere
“ The ſimpler virtues of domeſtique life,
“ That ſoone the titled eminence is loſte
“ In admiration of the *fairer WOMAN*!”—

PAGE 49.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXXV.—Earl of L—SD—LE.

——“That is the manne to my thinking on the score
“of valour perfonal, who can *fighte* with all heaven's
“creatures more heartilie than *feede* them!—Such an
“one is constrained to delve into the hungrie bowels
“of the lande, in fearch of wealthe he lacketh not;
“thus procreating convulsions undergrounde, and making
“her people with their mother *earthe* to *quake*!—Of
“such almightie men, *Marvino*, they now-a-daies doe
“moulde their *Lordes*, so that their constitution politique
“be not fapped by more desperate *underminers*!”

PAGE 27.—Not GENUINE.

Taylor

CLXXXVI.—Mrs. M. A. T—YL—R.

[*Her Second SUFFRAGE.*]

————— “ A truce, I praie thee, *Blanche*,
“ To all the dulcet flatterie of thy tongue !
“ If in the vision of my dapper Lorde
“ So prominent my beautie dothe appeare,
“ Bid him no more unaptlie note it downe
“ Upon the chilling canvas of an arte,
“ But conjugallie give from Nature’s touche,
“ More glowinge copies of my lovelie selfe,
“ Though they be framed in *little* ! ” —

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

CLXXXVII.—Lord M—LM's—Y.

——“Oh, Sir, their choice did well devolve on him,
“so artfullie ordained to nibble things afunder!—Marked
“you not, in *Regencies* of yore, how well he did essay to
“gnaue the ligatures in twaine, which had so long up-
“held the canopie o’ the State?—Who then so fitte to
“trie his skilfulle toothe upon the newer cordage that
“dothe more slightlie binde the destinies of *France*?—
“Trust to’t, the deede he’ll doe, if that his *ratteish* nose
“be not ensnared within the fresh-filed trappe of their
“new republique!”

PAGE 108.—Not GENUINE.

Stark
CLXXXVIII.—Miss St—rt.

“ Though elder borne of her that gave me life,
“ Her vaine propensities I ne’er did share !
“ Soone as the midnight orgies of our house,
“ With all the revelries of lustfulle plaie
“ Doe’gin their baneful course, with traverse flowe
“ Within my chambered privacie I hie,
“ And there corporeallie obtaine repose,
“ Awhile my painful and affrighted minde.
“ Dothe dreame of all the wicked worlde belowe.”

PAGE 12.—*Not* GENUINE.

FORTY-SIXTH DAY's TRIAL.

CLXXXIX.—Sir WM. P—LT—Y.

—“ Naie, and what of that?—If manne be
“ borne of earthlie minde, let him be forthwith nomi-
“ nated Purveyor-General in *peccadilloe* of that duffe, to
“ which worm-like he must returne;—I knewe me
“ such an one, the strange inhabitant of a venerable
“ dwellinge, who did escape taxation of all windowe
“ lattices, by contenting himselfe with the simple lu-
“ minations of his owne braine!—there fatte he, time
“ out of patience, exorbitantlie meafuring forth to needie
“ trowel-menne, his owne foile by the inch square!—
“ thus he grewe abundant in his wealthe, until the
“ maine beames of his mansion did becracke with the
“ sterling weighte of golde, incontinentlie piled up!”

PAGE 63.—Not GENUINE.

CXC.—Madame S—W—L—GH.

“ Mine *Got!* but dey doe belie his royalle youthe moſt
“ marvelouſlie!—By mine trute, but he be growne both
“ a ſweete, and a goote *Prince!* Vhy—in his grace he now
“ be ſo font of me, that he dothe wiſſite de bedde in mine
“ affliction, and plaie with efferie littel haire upon mine
“ cheeke!—then he dothe talke of mine *ducattes* ſo
“ kindlie, az eef dey vere his owne!—naie, I doe be-
“ liefe dat he would kindlie take dem into his own
“ royalle keepinge, for de comforte of mine old age!—
“ Oh! he be de ſweeteſt, and de viſeſt *Prince* that ever
“ did ſpring from the Royalle ſtocke of *Yarmanny!*”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

CXCI.—Alderman C—MBE.

—— “ Sir, I tell you, though I am a brewer of
“ *browne stoute*, these civique honours fitte not lightlie
“ on my shoulders. True it is, that I have raised my-
“ selfe, from a man o’ the Common Liverie, to be a chiefe
“ o’er Common Counsellors i’ the *Easte*, while my com-
“ panions i’ the *West* did declare unto me, that ‘ robes
“ and furred gównes hide all !’ Marry, Sir, if that were
“ so, the *Cittes* had not espied the *shaking of my elbowe*
“ beneath an Aldermanique gabardine !—I tell you once
“ againe, these civique honours fitte not light upon me !”

PAGE 28.—GENUINE.

CXCH.—Lady H—S—YM—R.

- “ Who sawe ROWENA in her maiden state,
“ When all the beauties of a modest minde
“ Began to peere, and innocentlie blende
“ Their tintes with those, which decked her lillie cheekes?
“ So still she keepes her captivating stores,
“ Though on a lovelie race she hathe bestowed
“ Unnumbered graces from her parent stocke!”

PAGE 14.—GENUINE.

FORTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXCIII.—Bishop W—T5—N.

—— “ Suppose that he be an ABBOTTE cloathed
“ in *priestehood*, he will prove no worme-eaten buttrasse
“ to our Mother *Churche* on this side the grave, or I have
“ mista'en his Reverence hugelie! Whilst his bretheren
“ in the houre of jeopardie did turn their mitres into
“ night-cappes, from their meeke propensitie to dozeing,
“ he bestirred lustilie in his vocation, and stoode him
“ forthe the true defender of our Christianne faithe!—
“ Hence is he yclep'd the holie *Alchymiste*, because he
“ dothe extracte for men's mindes, the puritie of earthlie
“ comforte from the *cruscible* of his owne benevolence!”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE,

CXCIV.—Lord C—M—L—D.

———— “Avast, my brinie messmates!—if you
“thwarte, and turn him bluffie nose to tide, the spraye
“of his wrathe will fouse some of you fore and afte, I
“tell ye!—Only ease him, d’ye see, a point or two from
“the winde, and you’ll ride safelie with him through
“the roughest weather!—Neither your Courtes nor
“crownettes, bilboes nor bastinadoes, can warpe him
“from salt water, which he delights in like a wild-
“ducke!—He met the *Algerine* but t’other day, who gave
“him so short an allowance of comfort on board his
“corfair!—my limbs! but he rubbed out the old score
“with his rattan upon his *Barbary* shoulders, till the
“*Sea-calfe* roared out for mercie he had never shewn!—
“The younker is a pickled fish, that’s certain—but a
“goode office goes with him through life, while a dirtie
“one never slippes his reckoninge!”

PAGE 27.—GENUINE.

CXCV.—Miss M—L—e.

“ If I could truste his *Grace*’s melting eyes
“ Which doe so busilie befellowe mine,
“ I might this fonde interrogating harte
“ Now sette at reste, and sweete assurance give
“ That it hathe sealed its sov’raigne hope!—Whate’er
“ The fraile accomplishments I boaste,
“ These let me cherish as the best of boones,
“ In fondest wish that they may treasure up
“ The nuptial blessing thus so proudlie won!”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CXCVI.—Lord R—LLE.

— “ *Certes*, SIRE, a man may plaie the foole in
“ lowe life in order to his exaltation ; but having at-
“ tained a Lordshippe paramount, he cannot continue to
“ execute the humble things that appertain themselves
“ to simple common-hoode !—True it is, my LIEGE,
“ that our *vassalage* of DEVONNE have fwerved from
“ their betrothed allegiance to the Ruler of your State.
“ Deign you to aske, why I, with all my mighte and
“ zeale, did not prevent it ?—my answer, SIRE, is short-
“ lie this : I could have disperfed the sturdie knaves
“ with the bare breathe of my lordlie nostrils, though
“ they had swarmed like *pilchardes* on our coaste ; but
“ fince it did bepleafe your Highneffe to shape from me
“ a PEER of Brittaines realme—marry I’ve other *fifhe*
“ *to frie !*”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

FORTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXCVII.—Lady ELIZ. L.—T—L.

“What an *Irishe howle* is here sette up, about the
“departure of a paltrie *rouleau* of light guineas, for
“which I gave a draughte upon my monie-holder’s
“banke, for value not received!—A *Bill of Plaie*, not
“being stamped for honourable purpose, ought not, by
“legalle custom of exchange, to be duly honoured;
“therefore did I *counter-cheque* my order, which, in the
“weaknesse of womanhoode, I had issued; and for this
“onlie hathe my faire fame been scandalouslie beslurred
“throughout the capital!—But if I have not ample ven-
“geance on that *dealer in odde trickes*, may I never sette
“cocke upon a carde againe!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

Thorney

CXCVIII.—Mr. T—RN—Y.

——“ Canvaſſe me the voters wives of *Southwarke*,
 “ for I muſt batter the huſtings once more with the
 “ cuckoldie heades of their Lordes and Maſters!—Since
 “ no lawe, dead or living, can denominate this a *treate*,
 “ kiſſe me alſo their ſpinſter daughters throughout the
 “ *Mint*, being heedful that the huffies do not warmlie
 “ paie you back in your own *coine*!—Having ſtayed the
 “ *trecher* worke of my opponent, perchance I may the
 “ electors ſtarve into a juſt opinion of mine own *deſert*.—
 “ I have told them roundlie, that a *freed-man* muſt come
 “ to the *polle* with an *emptie ſtomach*, to preſerve a *ſounde*
 “ *conſtitution*, and that he can ſwallowe nought but my
 “ wordes without a deep tranſgreſſion of the ſtatute
 “ lawe:—if this avail me not, there will be no trap-
 “ ping the warie knaves, either *full*, or *faſtinge*!”

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

Henry

CXCIX.—Hon. Miss H——r.

——— “ By my knighthoode but she is a comlic
“ lassie ! and so expert a mistresse in the arte of *signalles*,
“ that she can make you a *mirrou* of her own *'kerchiefe*,
“ and, by the quicknesse of her eye, reade its reflected
“ answers from one streete's end to the other. In good
“ foothe, this faire dame is in a faire way to be mar-
“ velouslie *signalized* ! ”

PAGE 73.—Not GENUINE.

CC.—Mr. W—LB—F—CE.

“ Mark me nowe, Honourable Sirs! although manne’s
“ conscience be *enslaved*, may not his bodie still be free,
“ and active to the warie purports of his minde!—For
“ mine own parte, I had, in *Christianne* veritie, an earlie
“ *calle* unto the humbler pathes of *grace*;—whate’er the
“ proffitte of it be in this vaine worldè, I take it as a
“ foretaste of my future recompence in that which is to
“ come!—Nay, and it be our sacred privilege, goode Se-
“ nators, to trafficke in *pietie*, we must be allowed to
“ barter the superfluxe of *spiritual concerns*, to insure our
“ own *political salvation*!”

PAGE 37.—Not GENUINE.

FORTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCI.—Lady S—MP—N.

—— “ If she be an old *Pufs* too proude and statelie
“ to catch a mouse i' the barne, she were as well, for the
“ quiet of the house, to be without her clawes !—A mur-
“ rain feize your *tabbie* CATTES, say I !—what a spitinge
“ and meweinge doe they fette up, to make the braw-
“ linges of a high winde more hideous ! Woe betide the
“ restless tenants of that roofe, o'er the pann-tiles of
“ which these whiskered wizzardes doe rantipole it so
“ shrewishlie !”

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

athman

CCII.—Mr. C. ATK——N.

—— “Bleffe the poore manne’s odde wittes, that
“will never let his heade reffe but in flations too ex-
“alted! Here have they thruffe it once more into our
“*Senate Houfe*, where the waggos doe throwe their jokes
“and jibes more cuttinglie about them, that your poul-
“terers wives their filthie egges at Martin-maffe!”

PAGE 57.—GENUINE

CCIII.—Ald———n P—ck—T.

——“ When they did expunge those emptie heades
“ from off the frontlet of our Citie’s gate, mine own was
“ sette thereon, and did most wittinglie devise how to
“ dismantle our *Temple’s barre* to publique inter-cursion.
“ It doth seeme, to builde a civique fame, one must be
“ constrained to pull you down the stouter workes of an-
“ tient men!—But the minde, my masters, must be kept
“ in concussion, or the braine of an ordinarie citizen
“ would soon curdle over, like greene duck-weede on a
“ gardenne ponde!”

PAGE I.—GENUINE.

CCIV.—Lady H—THE—TE.

—“ Oh she dothe sweetlie bende
“ The mirthfulle gaieties of polished life
“ Unto the meede of Christian *charitie* !
“ Marke where she leades the rural masque, or balle,
“ And viewe her faire companions i' the scene ;
“ Though riche in charmes, in simple vestes they're cladde,
“ Wrought all by spinsters' handes in hamlettes rounde !
“ 'Tis thus that mirth and innocence doe twine
“ Their staple virtues to adorne the minde !”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

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